

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

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CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY. WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1918.

8 Pages

No. 48

SIXTY-SIX BRECKINRIDGE COUNTY

Boys Left Hardinsburg Monday For Camp Zachary Taylor.

Following is a list of the boys who were called into military service:

Russell Carman, James C. Keenan, David A. Claycomb, James Cornwell Kiper, Estell Carter, Elvise West, Earah Burton, Jasper Lamar O'Bryan, Castle Jephth Dye, Ethel Kanapple, Virgil D. Hudson, John Walter Nobilett, Zennie Smith, Vennie Dunn, Robert W. Kruger, Frank Hibbs, Marshall Rowland, Murray L. Brown, Willard Owen Perkins, James Bowlds, Daniel Pile, George Addis Kramer, James R. Critchloe, Alvin Carman, S. Ray L. Haydden, Timmie E. Bass, Owen Young Bates, Boen Carman, Herman Waggoner, Stephen Thomas Pullen, John Blair, Peter Flood, Owen C. Tucker, Peter Joseph Ballman, Hickman Paul McCoy, Tobe Carman, John D. Lyddan, Coleman Carman, Harvey Owen Pullen, Frank Duncan, Hubert Leo Tobin, Leland Stanford Brashear, Herman Holmes, Wm Nelson Gardner, James Dallas Williams, Claude Cannon, Lewis McCoy, Wm Leo Jarboe, Nat E. Taul, Franklin H. Goldsmith, Dec Early, Hubert Lee Harned, Alfred R. Mattingly, Sam Carman, Frankie Myrtle Mattingly, Sneed Robins, Lawrence Hudson, Ambros Owen Henning, John Wm Lewis, Silas Lee Miller, George Brown, Ollie Murray Clark, Thayer Irl Glasscock, Clarence H. Stanfield, Peyton Brashear, James Willis Osborn.

SECOND RED CROSS

War Fund Goes "Over the Top" Easily in Breckinridge County

The week of May 20-27 called by the Government as the time of the time of the Second Red Cross War Fund closed with having reflected great credit upon the patriotic spirit of the citizenship of our county.

While the effort to secure the quota expected of each locality was started early on the opening day by the chairman or the respective districts, it was not until the special Red Cross day program arranged for at the county seat was over, that the enthusiasm and the intensity of the drive began in earnest.

The meeting was called order by Mr. H. M. Beard, County Chairman. America was sung by the assembly followed by prayer led by Rev. Huntsman. Attorney J. R. Eskridge was the next speaker his remarks were timely and patriotic. Gen. D. R. Murray followed with an effective introduction of the next speaker, Jepp Morgan. Mr. Morgan's remarks were directed principally to the farmer stressing the importance of the food production to the victory of the Allies.

A parade led by Master Arthur Beard of the pupils of the county high school and the Red Cross members from Garfield Glen Dean, Harned and Hardinsburg came next. Six Boy Scouts carried a large floating flag which afforded a convenient receptacle for any coin which came their way.

The speakers for the afternoon were Atty. Geo. Brown, Sergt. Petrish who related from first hand the benefits of the Red Cross work and then Dr. H. H. Cherry of Bowling Green. Dr. Cherry the embodiment of patriotism and freedom unfailingly rouses this spirit to a high point in the bosoms of his hearers.

The program closed with a vigorous appeal by Mr. H. M. Beard resulting in a splendid response from the assembly. About \$3500 was subscribed.

In this city and district the drive was made through by the district Chairman Mr. Wilbur Chapin though not having our enthusiasm stirred through any special meeting our citizens have proved themselves loyal above the extent that was asked of them. The district goes bravely over its quota having subscribed something over \$3000. The citizens of the following named places did their bit splendidly. Balltown, \$65; Tar Fork, \$70; Hites Run, \$70; Holt, \$98.35; with more not reported at present McGavock's School District, \$46.

Grand Honor.

Senior, Jane Lightfoot; Junior, Chloa Mae Seaton; Sophomore, Lillian Buckby; Freshman, Kathleen Squires; Grade 8, Mary Keil; Grade 7, Christina Keil; Grade 6, Robert Oelze; Grade 5, Gladys Bohler; Grade 4, Adele Keil; Grade 3, David Behen; Grade 2, Bessie Keil; Grade 1, Eliza-

WOMEN TO REGISTER

Woman's Division Council of National Defense Calls on All Women and Girls to Register June 3 to 6.

Through the Woman's Division of the Council of National Defense the Government has asked that a registration be made of all the women in the county. It is expected that the community shall have a complete card catalogue of all the women in different communities what they are capable of doing.

No service is asked of a woman but what she may freely offer, but she is expected to register in any case so that the women war census may be complete. One point to be emphasized is that women or girls will not be taken from their homes for service either here or in Europe unless they definitely offer themselves for such service. The purpose is to find out what women are available outside the home.

This registration is intended for all loyal American women by birth or naturalization. All women and girls over 16 will be expected to register in each school District from 3rd to 6th of June.

Mrs. Nannie J. Wathen, County Chairman; Woman's Division, Council National Defense.

Wedding Announcements.

Cards have been received here by friends of Miss Dorothy Rowland of Paducah announcing her marriage to Mr. Walter Joseph Piggott Jr., on Tuesday the eleventh day of June at the first Presbyterian church of Paducah.

Miss Rowland has many friends in Cloverport's social circles having been a frequent guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. H. Rowland.

Mr. Piggott is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Piggott of Irvington.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Billing announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary Ellen Billing to Dr. P. W. Foote.—Rosenberg Texas News Herald.

Thursdsy a Day of Prayer.

Thursday, May 30, has on a resolution adopted by Congress of the United States of America been set apart in a proclamation by the President as a "day of public humiliation, prayer and fasting to be observed by the people of the United States with the religious solemnity and the offering of fervent supplications to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of our cause. His blessings on our arms and a speedy restoration of an honorable and lasting peace to all the nations of the earth."

Advice to Wool Growers.

Reports from Washington and Boston, Massachusetts, state that the members of the Boston Wool Trade Association have agreed to accept Major General Goethal's proposal to fix the price of wool at present on a basis of the price of July 30, 1917. The Government will take over all wool in the warehouses on this basis. If holders do not agree to sell, their wool will be commandeered. The greater part of this wool will be used by the Government for uniforms and other Government supplies and that which remains will be distributed among the mills, for civilian needs. Major Gen. Goethal advises all wool centers that the 1918 clip should not be disposed of during the next thirty days in order that the Government may have time to determine its exact needs for the coming year. Reports from Washington indicate that the Government will arrange to receive the 1918 clip on the basis of the price mentioned, but urges the producers not to dispose of their wool until more definite information is made available.

It would seem advisable for Kentucky wool producers to pack and store their seasons clip in the best possible way for at least a few weeks until the Government has issued more definite information. Care should be taken by producers to so pack their wool that the quality will not be injured either by staining or mildew. In packing wool away either store it in wool sacks or in a clean dry bin.

Dedication Day at Dukes.

On Sunday June 2, there will be held a dedication service of the Cumberland Presbyterian church at Dukes. The sermon will be preached by Rev. J. L. Hudgins. The pastor, Rev. C. L. Brington announces an all day program with a basket dinner and urges everyone in the vicinity to be present.

DR. R. T. DEMPSTER ANSWERS FINAL CALL

A Long Life Devoted to the Civic and Church Interests of Glen Dean. Large Attendance at Funeral.

Glen Dean, Ky May 27. (Special)—Dr. R. T. Dempster died May 26, and was buried the following day at the Glen Dean cemetery.

He was born in Canada 68 years ago came to Louisville a carriage trimmer where he entered the medical school after graduating he located near Glen Dean and when the railroad was built he moved to town.

Mr. Dempster was married to Mrs. Bettie Moorman Howard 38 years ago to this union was born one son, Paul and two daughters, May (now Mrs. P. H. Nunnally) and Miss Nell Joe.

He was taken very ill six weeks ago and wanted to get well but never believed he would. He was well cared for by neighboring physicians and his devoted wife and daughters. Mr. Dempster was a member of the Baptist church, where he was adult Bible teacher and was highly esteemed by the class as a teacher due to his being so well read on Bible characters and ancient history no better read man in the State, and he never forgot what he read.

He was unusually kind hearted so patient with all and was a good father. He was buried by the Masons of which he was a member. A more beautiful procession of automobiles bedecked with flowers has never passed through Glen Dean. Many attended the funeral from near by towns and some from a distance.

HONOR ROLL

Of Cloverport Public School For Ninth Month.

Senior: Jane Lightfoot, Aubrey Beavin, Maydee Chapin.

Junior: Joe Ballman, Louise Weatherholt, Chloa Mae Seaton, Lora Carson.

Sophomore: Lillian Buckby, Marian Allen, Gladys Hemphill, Elsie May, Curtis Weatherholt.

Freshman: None.

Grade 8: Mary Keil.

Grade 7: Christina Keil, Sarah Fal-

lon, James Buckby, Anna Mae Tatum, Jauneita Matheny, Raymond Wetzel.

Grade 6: Robert Oelze, Mary Whitehead, M. D. Seaton, Oletha Tabelling, Paul E. Berry, Samuel E. Conrad.

Grade 5: Albert Cockerill, Gladys Bohler, Elmer Carson.

Grade 4: Adele Keil, Anna E. Keith, Forrest Jackson, Charlie Lee Hamman, Mildred Morrison, Raymond Milburn, Marion Hilton, Lillian Pauley.

Grade 3: Forrest Weatherholt, Fanny Carver, Irene Garman, Frances Martin, Lafayette Reid, Dorothy May, Virginia Downs.

Grade 2: Bessie Keil, Eleanor, Martin, Orville Furrow, Lena Swarens, John McGavock.

Grade 1: Eva Margaret Black, Elizabeth May, Ruby Woot, Billy Phelps, Eva May, Frances White, Eleanor Farnsworth, Charles Jackson, Virgil Kinder, Rachael Basham, Robert Askins, Mary Adams, Nettie Pate, Katie Owen Bishop.

Farmers Meeting at McQuady.

F. E. Merriman, District Agent of the Extension Service, will give an illustrated lecture on corn, at McQuady, Saturday afternoon at 1:30. No admission will be charged and farmers from all over the county are urged to attend. Mr. Merriman is an excellent speaker and has with him a complete set of slides which show in detail all the important matters relating to the corn crop. This lecture will not be given at any other point in the county this year and those interested in a bigger corn crop should take advantage of this opportunity to learn many valuable things.

Enlists in Signal Corps.

Evansville, Ind. May 24. (Special)—Former Breckinridge boy, Edgar Lee Watlington, cashier of the Evansville and Bowling Green Packet Co., for his uncle, Capt. Williams of Evansville, Ind., enlisted in the signal corps of the Indiana Department and left May 13, for Camp Stanley, Leon Springs, Tex. He was a former Breckinridge county boy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Watlington formerly of Stephensport, Ky.

PRIZE ESSAY

Hardinsburg Graded School Group Two Liberty Loan Contest. By Miss Pauline De-Jeanette.

The time has come for us to act. The Huns are at our foreign door. Shall we let them in? Our duty as American Citizens demands of us prompt and careful action. War is a very expensive thing. It takes a lot of money to pay the expenses of the war. This expense must be paid, and our country has wisely planned a method that will save our nation and make other Nations free. This plan is in the form of a Liberty Loan. The person who invests his money in Liberty Bonds will not only get his money back with a good rate of per cent, but will aid in conquering the common enemy to civilized men, the Kaiser and his bunch. Our duty is great along this line. We must buy bonds and try to have other people to do likewise. If we can succeed in keeping our boys in food, clothing, ammunition and good spirit we are sure of victory. Our duty then is to aid the Liberty Loan in as many ways as possible. We must not be slackers or pro-German or unpatriotic. We must be good Americans and stand by our soldiers boys and win the war. It is our duty at home to do this. We can't do to-much. We must win.

Crist--Cook.

Miss Daisy Crist of this city and Mr. William A. Cook of Louisville were married in that city, Thursday May 23, by the Rev. M. L. Dyer formerly of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook will make their home in Louisville.

Miller--Kramer.

Miss Elizabeth Miller of Tell City, Ind., and Mr. Addis Kramer of this city, were married in Tell City, Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock, May 23. Mr. and Mrs. Kramer came here immediately after the wedding for a days visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Kramer. On Saturday morning they left for Caseyville to visit Mr. Kramer's sister, Mrs. Van Buren Butts and Mr. Butts. Mr. Kramer was one the sixty-six boys who left Monday for Camp Zachary Taylor.

War Savings Stamps the Most Attractive Investment Offered the Public.

I can say without a doubt that no better investment was ever offered by any government and especially by our government, than the War Savings Stamps. Now that the Third Liberty Loan Campaign has just been completed in this community, it is desirable to call your attention to the many attractive features of the War Savings Stamps.

The investment of War Savings Stamps was properly made so attractive by Congress that there was a limitation upon the purchase by an individual firm or corporation of \$1000 maturity value. At the present time and during the month of May 1918 you have the privilege of buying the limit of War Savings Stamps at the price of \$832.00 on maturity these Jan 1 1923, these War Savings Stamps will be worth \$1000.00.

Not only is the security of the best but the return upon a compound basis, is greater than that of any security now issued by the United States Government. In addition to this it is tax free except in the matter of inheritance tax. These War Savings Stamps also have the advantage of not being subject to depreciation in market value. They in effect are guaranteed to be good for their face value at all times by the Government.

It is my desire to get as many of good patriotic citizens of this county, as possible to agree to take as many as \$1000.00 worth of these Stamps as an investment. And it is hoped that we will have a large number in this county who will take advantage of this opportunity to help and assist the government, and at the same time get an attractive investment which has no superior from a question of security and return standpoint.

If you desire to become a member of this work, and subscribe for \$1000.00 please let the undersigned know of the same, and I will take pleasure in sending you a subscription card, which you can sign and return to me, when you will receive a War Savings Certificate for \$1000.00 for the cost of \$832.

MISS ELSIE MAY MCKAUGHN

Of Cloverport Wins in Group III of the Liberty Loan Essay Contest.

We as American citizens should buy Liberty Bonds. This now is the third Liberty Loan and those who have not bought bonds in the other two loans should now buy them and if you have bought more it is your duty to do so. You have not completed your duty if you have bought bonds in the others and do not buy in this one when you are able to.

You can make no better investment for they are non-taxable and you receive 4% interest which is more than most any bank will give. In the long run it is better than other bonds at 6%. But do not buy them just for the sake of the investment for you as an American should be patriotic enough to give a little money for the support of this war, when you think what our boys are doing for us they are giving their lives and then some of us are not going to be patriotic enough to help them along.

If we do not raise a amount required by the Liberty Bonds we shall be heavily taxed to raise it, and none of us want to be taxed for everything is so high anyway and besides we Americans do not like to be forced to do anything.

There is scarcely a person that is of age that can not buy a bond of \$50 if they try, and many can easily buy \$500 ones.

Now you think this a great deal to lend, but wouldn't you rather pay a few dollars to the advantage of this war than to be under the rule of the Kaiser.

While the older people are buying Liberty Bonds the children can buy Thrift Stamps and War Saving Stamps.

Just think how much more the boys over in France will feel like doing their best when they know the people over here are standing behind them and boosting them, won't you try and buy Liberty Bonds to save your country?

Revenue for Roads.

Rodman Wiley, Commissioner of Public Roads, Frankfort, Ky., says: "If we will only pause for a moment and observe, it will be apparent to everyone that the roads in practically all of the counties are getting worse each year. There is a reason for everything, and in this case the principal reason is the lack of revenue to maintain the thoroughfares, under the change in traffic conditions and increased price of everything that enters into the road work."

The counties must have more revenue immediately because if the matter is very much longer delayed the entire system of the various counties will have to be rebuilt entailing an expenditure in most instances in each county of several hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The people are not contented with out roads. They will HAVE roads no matter what they cost, and when their entire highway system has been destroyed they will perhaps WAKE UP, but it would seem to be very much better if the people would only take warning and provide extra revenue by voting the 30c road tax. It would enable the authorities to preserve the roads while they are in condition to be saved.

It is certainly patriotic to maintain roads at this time so as to haul the products of the farm to market as cheaply as possible, and also to relieve the congestion of the railroads.

A careful study has been made of the road conditions in the entire state and I know beyond a doubt that the various counties have not half enough funds for road purposes.

Other states have increased their expenditures to meet the changed conditions, why can't we be alive in Kentucky."

I will also furnish you a membership certificate which is quite attractive in form and a number of persons have preserved them for future use, even framing them in certain instances.

The Treasury Department at Washington has requested that we furnish a list of all who subscribe for \$1000.00 worth. And am I carrying out this plan and will be pleased to have you subscribe for the same.

Very truly yours,
Paul Compton, Chairman for Breckinridge County Kentucky.

Subscribe For The News

53 U. S. TROOPS DIE WHEN SHIP IS TORPEDOED

British Transport Moldavia Is Sent Down by U-Boat in the Channel.

MEN KILLED BY EXPLOSION

Victims Were Members of Company B, Fifty-Eighth United States Infantry, Fourth Division—Soldiers Were Asleep at Time.

London, May 27.—The German submarine which torpedoed the British steamer Iniscarra was sunk by an American destroyer shortly afterward, it was announced. Prisoners from the submarine have been landed.

Washington, May 27.—The war department gave out the names of 53 members of Company B, Fifty-eighth United States Infantry, Fourth division, missing from the torpedoed British steamer Moldavia.

Few details of the tragedy of the Moldavia have been disclosed. The American soldiers missing are believed to have been sleeping when the vessel was attacked. The attack came early Thursday morning and the submarine succeeded in getting away unseen. According to survivors, the Moldavia was near the southeast coast of England on her way to an English port.

Escorting destroyers rescued the survivors who had fallen into line on the deck of the ship immediately after the torpedo struck near the bridge. The soldiers lost all their belongings.

Soldiers Were Asleep. London, May 27.—Captain Johnson, an American infantry officer, who was on board the Moldavia, gave a Daily Telegraph representative this account of the sinking.

"The ship was struck just forward of the engines on the port side. All the troops were in their bunks sleeping in their uniforms. There was a loud explosion and then the ship's whistle was blown, which was a signal for everybody to come on deck. The men had been assigned to particular boats and boat drill had been held every day. The men assembled in perfect order. Their discipline was splendid, the best I ever saw."

"The Moldavia listed to port, but righted itself and ran on for about 15 minutes to avoid being hit again. Then it began to sink steadily. Orders were given to lower the boats and rafts and we got off."

"Destroyers had been circling around us all the time and as soon as the Moldavia was struck they dropped several depth charges. No second torpedo was fired and we saw nothing of the submarine. We remained in the life boats until the ship sank, when we were taken on board the destroyers."

"As soon as the men got aboard the boats and rafts they began singing and laughing and when the ship sank they gave three cheers."

"Of the 56 missing, two are corporals and the others privates. I believe all were killed by the explosion."

Less than a quarter of an hour after the Moldavia had been torpedoed virtually every man had gone over the sides of the vessel into the life boats.

Edwin and Clyde Bosley of North Troy, Vt., leaped from the deck and were drowned. Had it not been for this the losses which are given officially as 56 American soldiers, would have been confined to those killed by the explosion of the torpedo. The Bosley brothers were on guard when the ship was struck. There was a sharp list, and they evidently believed she was turning over. Search was made for them, but they were not seen after they jumped overboard.

Huns Shift Sunken Ship. The Germans have succeeded in shifting the concrete-laden cruiser Vindictive, sunk in the harbor of Ostend on May 10 by British raiding forces.

The Vindictive, according to the Times, is now lying close alongside the eastern piers, leaving a passage about 30 feet wide. This is enough to allow destroyers to go in and out, but, nevertheless, the Germans are not using the harbor.

Unsuccessful attempts have been made by the Germans to dredge a passage between the two old cruisers sunk in the harbor of Zeebrugge. A German destroyer, sunk this week by bombs dropped by British naval airmen, lies close to the cruisers.

The basin at Bruges, which is connected with both Ostend and Zeebrugge, is full of German shipping, but the canal is not being used.

Try a News Want Ad. Now

Now For the Big War Savings Stamp Drive, June 24 to June 28

State Headquarters of the War Savings Committee in Kentucky is very busy these days preparing for the big June drive for pledging the State's quota, or what remains of it on June 24 next, when the drive starts. The plans for the drive were outlined at a meeting of county chairmen with members of the National Committee at Lexington on Friday of last week, and the hundred county chairmen in attendance upon the meeting were shown how easily the plans can be carried into effect in the State of Kentucky.

The general outline has been fitted to the campaign in Kentucky, and printed forms are being rushed through in order to get them in the hands of county chairmen as speedily as possible. The whole thing depends upon organization in the several counties of the State, and the counties represented at the Lexington meeting and those whose chairmen were unavoidably absent on that occasion were pledged to the National Committee to make whatever organization is essential to the success of the Nebraska plan.

Rather than to devote every week of the remaining months of the year 1918 to the work of the War Savings campaign, it was determined to make one big drive, June 24 to June 28 next, closing on National War Savings Day, during which time the rest of Kentucky's quota, that not already secured, will be pledged by its citizens, to be purchased during the six months following. This drive will not be for sales of stamps, but for pledges. When it is over, and Kentucky's quota has been pledged by her loyal citizens, the rest of the year will be mere "follow up" to see that the War Stamps are purchased as the months pass, to the end that when December 31 comes we can wire Chairman Vanderlip, of the National Committee, and our own Federal Director J. D. Lyon, that Kentucky has met her obligation as she always has done in the past, and over-purchased this best Government security.

The War Savings activity in Kentucky stood aside recently and helped "put over" the Third Liberty Loan campaign. Its organization has done its part in the other war activities of the year, and our county chairmen can now call upon those loyal men and women for assistance in our big June drive. Already scores of persons who have been engaged in the other activities have tendered their services to county chairmen for this drive, and in every instance their tender of service has been accepted. We should add every volunteer to the ranks of campaigners for the June drive.

The plan of winding up the big campaign with a public meeting in every schoolhouse in Kentucky in the afternoon of June 28, which is to be proclaimed National War Savings Day by President Wilson, by Governor Stanley and by the Mayor of every city, town and hamlet in the State, and at a time when all of the other States of the Union are holding such meetings, is a splendid one. The entire country will take an hour off on this day to pledge itself to Thrift and War Savings. Men and women of the entire country are not invited to attend, but are to be told that they are expected to be there to participate in the meeting of their community. The meetings are not to be adjourned until each community in each State of the Nation has pledged its quota, which will be announced in advance of the meeting.

In order to start off each meeting in the State of Kentucky with the proper enthusiasm the four days preceding the holding of the meeting will be devoted by the organization in each school district to securing in advance of the meeting the pledges of as many of the people of each community as can be seen in that limited time. A record of those pledging in advance of the meeting will be read at the meeting to show that they have already signed up to save and serve their country. A record also will be kept of those of each community who do not answer present when the community roll is called. Our Uncle Sam wants to know if there are any in the community who are not in sympathy with him as well as he wants to know the names of those who answer the call of the President on that great June day.

We must have your help, Mr. Barker. We have not hesitated to ask you to spend the bank's money to assist the advertising campaign. We are asking now more than that. We need your personal, active help. We want you to direct every one of your employees to urge constantly the sale of War Stamps. Good investment as they are, the stamps will not sell themselves. Your tellers have daily opportunity to urge the sale of the stamps. In a great many instances it will take only a suggestion from them to get your customers to put some of their money into stamps.

W. S. S. —
Fleming Going Well.
"Sales in Fleming county have passed the \$100,000 mark," writes J. W. Hedlin, chairman of War Savings Committee for this county.

W. S. S. —
What Am I Doing?
Ask yourself this question: "What am I doing toward helping my country win the war?" If you are not doing something don't you think you are a very lukewarm American?

The Government doesn't ask very much of you. It merely asks you to do without unnecessary things and invest your money saved thereby in securities. You can buy War Savings Stamps and assist the nation. Remember that every time you buy a War Savings Stamp, which is redeemable in gold in 1923, you are firing a shot at Berlin.

W. S. S. —
How About It, Mr. Banker?
The bankers of Kentucky do not yet fully realize the importance of the War Savings campaign as part of the much greater campaign to defeat the Huns of Europe. It is not the primary purpose of the War Savings campaign to get two billion dollars for the Government, important as that is. Our primary purpose is to give direction to the tremendous, but scattered energy of Mr. Average American. Every twenty-five cent piece put into a Thrift Stamp, every four dollars and fifteen cents put into a War Savings Stamp is just that much more energy released for the blow our Government is striking.

Of all people in this country, bankers ought to be the first to see this, and to appreciate also the great and valuable lesson of thrift which will be driven deep into the minds of the present and rising generation if the War Savings campaign really succeeds. Many of the banks in Kentucky are not yet actively interested in the War Savings movement. A great many of them, indeed, have the stamps on sale. Nearly all of them have displayed our posters. But there for the most part effort ceases.

Not a Child's Movement.
The War Savings movement is not a child's movement. It would be a capitalist movement if Uncle Sam had not put the limit at \$1,000. If you do not buy your quota of War Savings Stamps you really have no right to complain if men with large amounts of money are given the preference in absorbing issues of Government securities in the future.

W. S. S. —
Harrodsburg Schools Busy.
Harrodsburg, Ky., May 14, 1918.
Mr. J. B. Brown, Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sir:—We have organized War Savings Societies in our school with the following names, and the amounts opposite their names have been contributed through W. S. S. and Liberty Bonds:

Pershing W. S. S.	\$30.00
Garfield W. S. S.	367.50
Alex. Hamilton W. S. S.	844.25
Robert Morris W. S. S.	235.75
Sammy Savers W. S. S.	670.50
Buddy Boosters W. S. S.	432.75
Liberty W. S. S.	1,464.50
Over-the-Top W. S. S.	161.25
Woodrow Wilson W. S. S.	245.75
Abraham Lincoln W. S. S.	111.40
Betsy Ross W. S. S.	252.75
Geo. Washington W. S. S.	220.25
Total	\$5,326.65

We desire charters for these and would appreciate the State Bulletin for each room, with any other literature to help boost the proposition. Yours for winning the war.
Harrodsburg Public School.
By J. G. Prather, Supt.

W. S. S. —
What Your Country Expects.
Your country is counting on you to furnish the sinews of war in this, the mightiest contest that the world has ever known. It is counting on your money, your labor, and your spirit of self-sacrifice. World wars can not be won by talk alone, and they can not be won by resources unless those resources are so directed that they count in the actual prosecution of the war.

America, as we all know, is the richest nation in the world. It has the most money, the most factories and the most natural resources. But the money will not do us any good in the war unless it is mobilized for the use of the Government.

This is why the War Savings Stamp campaign was devised by the Government. It gives every man, every woman and every child an opportunity to do something for the country they love. You do not have to be a millionaire and buy a lot of bonds. Your twenty-five cents for a Thrift Stamp or your \$4.16 for a War Savings Stamp will help your country and help it now. And the fact that you did without something to get the money to purchase this stamp will help even more, for the country can not get its war work done if the factories are busy ministering to your pleasure.

INDOOR WORK MADE HEALTH BECOME POOR

But Louisville Man Feels Good Again Since Tanlac Built Up System.

"My work as a bookkeeper is all indoors and I guess it must have been the confinement that made my system get all run down," said J. O. Kampschaefer, 3403 Greenwood avenue, Louisville, Ky.

"My system felt run down all over and I was getting worse. I was so weak that sometimes I'd just daze off to sleep while sitting in a chair. It was just from sheer weakness, I guess.

"I tried Tanlac as a spring tonic about two years ago and it helped me a lot. So when I got run down recently I turned to Tanlac again.

"Well, Sir, Tanlac surely has helped me. It has brought back my health in fine shape. I'm not run down or weak any more. I've taken four bottles of Tanlac and it really is remarkable the way it has improved me.

"All my friends know that I wouldn't give a statement like this unless Tanlac had done just what I say it has."

If you feel weak and all run down try Tanlac. It is an excellent strengthener and system builder. You can get Tanlac at Weidinger's Drug Store.

MEANING OF NAME DECEMBER

Twelfth Month's Title Derived From Latin Word "Decem," When There Were Only Ten Periods.

The name of December is no longer appropriate, for it is derived from "decem," the Latin word meaning "ten," declares a writer. The name was first applied by the Romans when the year was divided into ten months, with the addition of supplementary days to complete the period required for a revolution of the earth around the sun.

When the calendar of Romulus was amended in 713 B. C. by Numa Pompilius and the year was divided into twelve months December became the twelfth month, but retained its original name. The Emperor Commodus, who reigned in the second century, attempted to change the name of December to Amazonius, in honor of a fair favorite of that name, whom he had painted to resemble an Amazon. This innovation was not popular, and when Commodus died from poison administered by another feminine favorite the name of Amazonius died with him.

The ancient Saxons called the last month Winter-monat, which was afterward changed to Heilig-Monat, or holy month, when they were converted to Christianity. The modern Germans again changed the name to Christ-monat, because the month contains the anniversary of the birth of Christ.

HOW BIG SHELLS ARE TESTED

High Explosives Subjected to Heat Treatment, Also Tried in a Brinell Ball-Testing Machine.

If you wish to test the hardness of an apple, the most natural way is to press down upon its surface and note the indentation of your thumb. This is simple and conclusive evidence. The French government employs a very similar test to prove the hardness of its high explosive shells, says the Popular Science Monthly.

To secure the maximum of destructiveness, it is important not only that the steel projectiles should be of a certain hardness, but also that they should not be too hard. After the casing has been roughly formed and hollowed out, the shells are subjected to what is known as a "heat treatment," by which the steel is brought to the correct hardness. To make doubly sure, the shells are tested in a Brinell ball-testing machine.

This machine tests the hardness of the shell exactly as your thumb tests the hardness of the apple. It is fitted with a small, hardened steel ball, which is pressed into the shell under a specified load. The indentation made by the ball is measured, and if within certain limits, the hardness is correct. If not, the shell must be further treated.

What Becomes of That Cent?
A farmer comes to town with 30 apples, which he sells three for a cent, getting, of course, 10 cents for them. Another farmer, also with 30 apples, sells them two for a cent, getting 15 cents for his. They get 25 cents in all.

The next time they come in, with 30 apples each, they meet at the edge of town and put their apples together, making 60 apples. One man having sold two for a cent, the other three for a cent, they decided to sell them five for 2 cents.

They do so, and when they're through find out they have received but 24 cents.

The problem is, why did they not get as much for their apples selling them five for 2 cents as they did when they sold them separately, or, what becomes of the cent?

We Have the Goods

And We Advise You to Buy while It Is Available.

There is a growing scarcity of merchandise all over the country and as time goes on it will even be scarcer. The highest authorities among merchandise buyers prophecy a demand twice as great as the supply by autumn.

Knowing this, we have laid in a large supply of good merchandise stock so that we may be able to accommodate our customers.

Buy now, before it is too late.

J. R. WILSON
Glen Dean, Ky.

POWER OF JOY RULES WORLD

Pain, Declares Woman Lecturer, Should Never Be Resorted to in Correcting Unruly Children.

A woman is lecturing in the East on "The Influence of Joy." It is also an attack on the influence of pain, which parents so much resort to in the management of children. She declares, according to the Ohio State Journal, that pain should never be resorted to to make children good, and hence, she advises that all spankings and whippings should be eliminated.

There is nothing in pain to reconstruct a child. Joy is the only medium that should be used. Make a child happy, instead of sad, is the gospel of child training. The power that lived, moved and ruled the world, she said, was the power of joy; and this was the influence the parent should use in training the child. This is not the way of parents. The rule is to whip the child to make him good. It cannot result that way. A kind word and a gentle association are far more powerful than a rod or any other method for producing sorrow or pain.

The other day we heard a mother shout to a little boy: "Till skin you alive!" That is enough to make a worse boy out of a bad one. The "mild power wins" is an old adage and every parent should take it to heart.

TOO EXPENSIVE



"You should keep your own counsel," "I can't afford to keep a lawyer, with the increased cost of legal advice."

YOUR FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE

A thousand people look at your face while one glances at your feet—yet you spend money to keep your shoes in condition and neglect your face. RED CROSS Shaving Lotion (the after-shaving luxury), makes old faces look young and keeps all faces in the pink of condition. This and other RED CROSS toilet articles sold only by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky.

HUMORIST HAD LAST LAUGH

How Mark Twain Turned Joke on Vienna Authorities Will Be New Story to Many.

The letters of Mark Twain record but little concerning the years he spent in the Austrian capital, the Christian Science Monitor observes. The humorist did some special writing for American papers during those "Wanderjahre." Indeed, the Vienna journalists took him to their hearts as a colleague of a particularly genial type and often invited him to a friendly "spread," at which the guests were members of the Austrian fourth estate. The story of how he got into trouble with the authorities, through the indiscretions of a Vienna journalist, has probably never been published.

As the tale goes, a certain reporter, either in a facetious or a vindictive moment, gave out that Mark Twain had

The Farmer's Share

Live stock is marketed from farmer to consumer at a lower cost than almost any other farm product.

The United States Department of agriculture reported in 1916 that the farmer gets for his cattle "approximately two-thirds to three-fourths" of the final retail price paid by the consumer for the resulting beef.

Under normal conditions, the farmer's share of retail prices of various farm products is approximately as follows:

Butter	71 per cent
CATTLE	66 2/3 to 75 per cent
Eggs	65 per cent
Potatoes	55 per cent
Poultry	45 per cent
Fruits	35 per cent

The difference between farmer's price and retail price represents the necessary expenses of packing, freight and wholesale and retail distribution.

Swift & Company not only performs the manufacturing operations of preparing cattle for market in its well-equipped packing plants, but it pays the freight on meat to all parts of the United States, operates 500 branch distributing houses, and in most cases even delivers to the retail butcher. All this is done at an expense of less than 2 cents per pound, and at a profit of only about 1/4 of a cent per pound of beef.

Large volume of business and expert management, make possible this indispensable service to the live-stock raiser and to the consumer, and make possible the larger proportion of retail prices received by farmers.

Year Book of interesting and instructive facts sent on request.
Address Swift & Company,
Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

been seen suspiciously loitering about the bridge which spans the Danube canal near the Ring strasse, and not far from the Hotel Metropole, at which the Clemenses lived. Mark could not let this reflection upon his character go unchallenged. He hastened to explain—to apologize, in fact, for having given the authorities the slightest anxiety about him. The explanation was thoroughly Twainlike. He had found by the bridge the longest German word he had ever seen and, in order to comprehend it in all its longitude and latitude, he had planned one end of it to the bridge with the idea of unfolding it! Bearing his precious burden with him, he came to the opposite end of the bridge, only, alas, to find that he still had yards to spare! The apology was accepted with many a broad grin.

U. S. TO TREAT CAPTIVES WELL

Organization Being Perfected for Handling Prisoners.

IN CHARGE OF THE "M. P."

System to Be followed by the Provost Marshal General's Department to Be Combination of English and French Methods—Prison Camps to Be Object Lesson to Enemy in Humane Treatment.

Whatever fate awaits our soldiers who fall prisoners to the Germans; whatever hardships and tortures Karlsruhe or the mines of Rheinhausen and Ewald have in store for them, a fact with which Fritz may well console himself is the comparative consideration with which the American army will treat him when he greets us with a "kamerad."

While the American scheme for handling prisoners of war is still in the embryo, it may be said to be one of the best that has yet been devised. For months, American army men have been visiting immense prison colonies in Great Britain and throughout France. They studied the systems in use in both countries, and while they have found no pronounced defects in the British system it is undoubtedly the French plan which they will follow closest in preparing the American camps. This, it is explained, is quite natural, as the American government will be dependent on the French for location of the collecting stations, distributing centers and the final quarters for the barracks. The French have three large collecting stations in the interior. It is more than likely that the American forces will be allotted one of these stations for its war prisoners until our own are completed and ready for use.

A Great Experiment.
The handling of military prisoners in France has been a gigantic experiment in sociology. For the past three years the French government has been conducting prison camps according to the newest formulae of group alimentation; it treats its prisoners somewhat after the manner of refugees, a population made homeless and hungry by some disaster. This has been repeated over and over again by every one who has come to France since the outbreak of the war. But it cannot be said too often. I have seen during the early days of the war huge concentration camps of homeless Belgians on the Dutch border. As the war progressed I made visits to neutral internment camps and saw the living conditions of Russian, Austrian and German soldiers. From what I have seen of French military prison methods I can say that in humaneness of treatment, the good quality of food and the liberty of movement allowed both officers and men no other nation, belligerent or neutral, which has cared for great masses of people during this war has equalled the generosity of France.

"We Americans have had a great deal of experience in sociology—more, perhaps, than any other nation in the world. We should find it interesting work, applying our vast knowledge and experience to a new and unique phase of social science," said a high army official who has made a thorough study of prison camp methods in Europe. He spoke of the handling of war prisoners as being a real humane problem, and while emphasizing that a war prisoners' camp was not a picnic ground or a health resort, it was at the same time not a black hole for the breeding of diseases and the starving and torturing of human beings, as seemed to be the Prussian idea. I asked him whether he thought reprisals to be a satisfactory means of insuring better treatment for prisoners in Germany. He answered quickly that America would not and cannot enter into competition with mediaeval tyrannism.

Germans Barbarous.
"French captives in Germany have endured tremendous suffering, have died of tuberculosis and skin diseases and of just plain starvation; the world knows and will long remember the story of that martyrdom. Yet despite such intolerable sufferings of its men and the bitter insults and offensive treatment with which they were coupled, the French government policy has not been one of reprisal or imitation of German method. German pamphleteers were busy several months ago informing the neutrals and their own populations of the terrible hardships of German and Austrian prisoners in France and Great Britain. Switzerland sent investigators and observers to the French camps and they came home, not merely with reports of their observations but filled with enthusiasm for the system of treatment, the food, sanitary sleeping and living quarters, hours of labor and opportunities for recreation. The men who have found shelter in French camps are quite contented. Aside from the opinion of the neutral observers, the testimony of the prisoners themselves is the best refutation of Germany's allegations. No prisoner has yet been found who complained.

"The American prison camps, combining as they will the best of the British and French systems, are expected to be a great object lesson to the enemy in the human treatment of prisoners of war. As in the French camps, the bread ration will be an ample one, considerably higher than that of the best

fed allied soldiers in German prisons. The food will also be rationed liberally, attention being especially paid to the proper quantity of calories required for a full-grown working person.
"The provost marshal-general's department, which will have charge of our prison camps, is at present acting as the police force of the army in France. Those precincts frequented by the American expeditionary force are always policed by the provost's M. P. A good percentage of the provost marshal's men are the United States marines, always acknowledged as the finest army and navy 'cops' in the world. Wherever United States uniformed men are found in large numbers, wherever American property in warehouses and on the waterfronts in France is collected and made ready for shipment to the front lines, the provost marshal has his men on the job. Should the work of caring for and handling German prisoners become too large in scope for the provost marshal-general's department it is probable that a separate organization will be appointed to take it over and operate the camps, as is done in the other armies."

GRANDFATHER AND GRANDSON IN NAVY



On the left is Gaston V. Lowe, twenty years old, who enlisted at Kansas City, Mo., in 1917. He is now on duty at Hampton Roads fleet operating base.

On the right is Adolph L. Lowe, seventy-seven years old, who served in the navy from 1861 to 1865. He re-entered the service May 29, 1917, as carpenter's mate.

Adolph L. Lowe, who is sure he is the oldest man serving in the navy, called on Secretary Daniels a few days ago, and was warmly welcomed by the head of the navy department. He left the service half a century ago, after serving through the Civil war, and re-entered as carpenter's mate on May 29, 1917.

SAW DEVIL IN RED HAIR

But the Preacher Was Smashed and Fined.

Rev. Frank L. Johnson, pastor of a Pentecostal church at Chico, Cal., saw the red hair of Walter Kempler in his congregation and mistook it for the red challenge flag of the devil.

Grasping a chair near the pulpit, Rev. Johnson made a wild dash through the crowded pews, crying as he sped:

"There's the devil within a red-haired man. The divine spirit tells me to drive out the sin with force!"

And leaping over or brushing aside all obstructions, human and otherwise, the pastor reached Kempler, and by means of the chair began converting him to the ranks of the blessed.

But Kempler took his turn at seeing red about that time and instead of the devil he made a flank movement and sent an artillery blow into the midst of Rev. Mr. Johnson's front-line trench.

Furniture was pretty well banged up and the rest of the congregation were worse than panic-stricken when the police arrived. Both Johnson and Kempler were arrested and taken before Judge Barnes, who fined them \$10 each.

HAS SIX SUPER-SUBMARINES

Germany's New Boats Have Cruising Radius of 10,000 Miles.

Information received in an official quarter in Washington credits Germany with having completed the construction of six super-submarines of 1,500 to 1,800 tons capacity, with a cruising radius of 10,000 miles, and that six more U-boats of the same design are being rushed toward completion.

Germany has designed the newer submarines, it was said, to be superior to destroyers. It was said that the allied admiralties have known for more than three months of the actual construction of these super-submarines, which, it is believed, follow on general lines the construction of the commercial U-boats, one of which, the Deutschland, visited the United States.

Returns to Gold Mine.

When David B. Weaver, of Saxony, Minn., went to Montana in 1864, he discovered a gold mine. While he and his parents were at work on it, Indians drove them off. Four months ago he went prospecting again and he found the same mine and intends to work it despite his seventy-eight years.

The Pessimism of the Loyal

By ROBERT ADGER BOWEN
of the Vigilantes

There is need to utter a word of warning and protest to those loyal ones among us who, by some perverse quality of sincerity, some inherent tendency to pessimism, are constantly sounding the note that Germany delights to hear. The recent great thrust of the German armies has given these croakers fresh stimulus. In their hearts, though they know it not, though they deny it indignantly when so accused, they have accepted defeat—they are already whipped.

Could Germany ask for more than the spreading of this unwarranted attitude of mind? It is the subtlest, the most poisonous of all forms of the multifarious German propaganda—the killing of faith and hope and determination to win. "They shall not pass!" said the French at Verdun. These souls say: "They have passed! See how the British have fallen back!"

These are not "quitters" in other matters. They are not in any sense consciously pro-German even in this matter. They are, however, obsessed by the everlasting drip of the German idea of German efficiency. The thing to them has become an imponderable, foreseen conclusion. It blinds them to any vision beyond the actual facts of Germany's military attainments. It blinds them to the military attainments of the allies. The spirit of invincibility—the invincible spirit is not theirs.

This spirit we need. There is no doubt of that. The man or the nation that goes all the way, that goes any part of the way to meet defeat is already beaten. Though this spirit of pessimism cannot even be considered as a rift in the life of the nation's unity of faith and purpose, yet, inasmuch as it exists to any extent, it is to be deplored. For the feeling will be found always to link itself with other sentiments insidiously favorable to Germany. There always accompanies it that stubborn, narrow prejudice, so shamefully unworthy of us, against England, existing against all the evidences of fact and reason and gratitude—the nasty slur that England dodges her share of the fighting, that the English are 'not fighters, that England leaves it to France to save the day—so far as it is saved!

There is something peculiarly lamentable in this distorted viewpoint. Disastrous though it would be to underestimate Germany's prodigious power of evil might, it would be fatal to believe it infallible and invincible.

Whence comes this proneness to trumpet Germany's success and put the soft pedal on our allies' achievements? In every instance it is to be traced to some of the interminable forms of German propaganda. It is, as has already been said, itself the quintessence of German propaganda, blown like a fine pollen through the air when its true nature is the least suspected, spread as is often a contagious disease by those unconscious of being the medium.

Against the resolute, inflexible determination to win, backing the righteous cause in which we are enlisted, Germany will go down in the ruin of the monstrous evil that she has become. But she will not if these voices, too many even at the fewest, who proclaim that Germany has already won the war, swell in number and volume. That, indeed, is the very surest way to give the victory to Germany, because it is the surest way to undermine and disintegrate the bulwarks of faith and hope. Against an unfaltering "They shall not win!" all the power of Germany's strength will not avail.

And Germany knows it!

HAS A BIRD FARM

Takes the Trouble to Build House for Them on His Place.

There is a man in Michigan who takes the trouble to build comfortable homes for birds. In March, 1914, F. A. Stuart began to equip his property of 1,678 acres, near Marshall, as a bird sanctuary. At the last count he had set up 1,434 bird boxes in scientific arrangement so as to realize the best possible results.

On June 13, 1916, he found 292 bird families enjoying the hospitality of his houses, besides the multitudes breeding after the native, wild fashion in the trees, bushes and fields on his estate. Martins, bluebirds, tree swallows, wrens, robins and phoebe birds are among the varieties in this bird refuge.

Mr. Stuart takes great care to inspect the premises every 21 days, these trips of inspection including the exact number of homes occupied, the number of nests, eggs or young, and the kinds of birds. The houses farther away from the buildings are more freely used, especially by tree swallows and bluebirds. At a distance from the buildings the little bird houses are mounted on fence posts, or on iron gas pipe eight or ten feet high. Others are on the edge of the woodland and in the interior of the woods.

Letter Travels 11 Months.

It took just 11 months for a letter Alex Canter of Fulton, Mo., mailed to B. Zarkew at Kiev, Russia, to return to this country. Canter just received the letter with a notation that the addressee cannot be found.

SEA CALLS TO OUR COUNTRY'S YOUNG MEN

Never Was Need Greater to Carry Flag to Foreign Ports.

By HENRY HOWARD,
Director of Recruiting Service, U. S. Shipping Board.

The sea's call to our country's youth today is clear and strong. At no other period of our national life has need been greater than now for fearless men to carry our flag through stress of war and storm to foreign ports. The American merchant mariner of today takes rank in the greatest of all wars—the ultimate struggle of liberty with force—beside the honored brothers of the army and navy, an exemplar of the strength and plenty of this free and chivalrous new world. In his hands we trust our trader, but more than this, we trust our honor, too. Neither shall perish so long as our mariners sail the seas. Their calling is a cherished legacy from God-fearing forefathers who in their day sailed hard and far on errands of peaceful commerce, while ever ready to fight for freedom. The descendants of such men do not fall in their duty when the sea calls them in this time of war. The ways of the sailor may have been lost to them in generations of peaceful land pursuits; but the salt is in their blood, and with steady purpose they say to the sea: "Take me and teach me what you would have me do." This response, from shore to shore of a mighty land, makes possible the new, great things America is doing on the sea to end the war. On a thousand new ships now taking shape upon our shores American merchant sailors by tens of thousands will go forth, without fear. Veterans in sea service will have trained the newcomers to the fleet—and so will be wrought a strong, close-knit, all-American personnel for our reborn merchant marine.

RE-ENFORCEMENTS

By MARY PERRY KING
of the Vigilantes.

Stand fast, our Allies! Hand in hand, A bleeding but exultant band, Each for his own beloved land, And all for Liberty, we stand.

Majestic England, glorious France, Belgium, who led the brave advance, And all the knighthood of romance, Have summoned our uncovered lance.

The weal and woe of Home and Right—
The threat of Darkness and Light—
The need to hold the Truth with Might—
These are the watchwords of the fight.

From town and country, field and mart,
We come with pride to bear our part,
In every breast the bugles start
The fanfare of the high in heart.

To serve by land or sea or air,
With any weapons, any war,
Take but our manhood strength, and where
The fight is thickest—put us there!

NATURE OPENS INLET

Storm Brings Improvement Farmers Had Sought in Vain.

In a few hours nature has done for the rich farmers along the Indian river in Delaware what congress has failed to do in more than fifty years, when the recent storm cut an inlet 300 yards wide and eight feet deep where the river and bar flow into the ocean. For several years the inlet has been gradually filled until navigation has been stopped, and bills before congress for appropriations to build jetties have always failed.

Several times farmers have attempted to dig the opening larger, but to no avail. When it closed even smaller this winter and no fish were coming in another attempt was made, but the sand shifted as fast as the farmers dug it out.

Then storm came and in a few hours scoured the inlet so that a two-masted schooner can pass while the fish are swarming into the quieter waters of Indian river and Rehoboth bay.

CROOKED FINGER CUT OFF

Man Submitted to an Operation to Enlist in Army.

Some men "lose a finger" to keep out of military service; but not so with Thomas Thoman, Denison, Tex., who had one taken off so he could get in.

Thoman tried to enlist as a stenographer, but examination disclosed the little finger on his right hand was crooked and stiff.

"That finger will have to come off if we take you," he was told. Without a word Thoman left; half an hour later he returned.

"Well, sergeant, I had her cut off," he said.

He was accepted.

Memphis Has War Baby.

Memphis has its first "war baby." It is a little girl. A feminine voice called police headquarters and asked that search be made for a watch lost in the park. The search was made. No watch was found but the little baby, but a few days old, was discovered wrapped in blankets. The infant has a happy home now.

EAT BEEF STEW WITH A RELISH

American Soldiers Enjoy Plain Army Cooking.

APPETITES ARE ALWAYS KEEN

Men Like the Life and Have No Hankering for Elaborate Menus of Big Hotels at Home—Men Are Always Hungry and Are Never Late for Mess—Find Romance of War is Largely a Myth.

Judging by results here at the front, a man is better off with plain army cooking than with the elaborate menus of Delmonico's and the Ritz to choose from.

The officers' messes are slightly more varied than those of the enlisted men, but both are very good, and there is no complaint anywhere along the line. The men have meat, sugar and butter and all the condiments usually found on a chop house table, writes Don Martin in the New York Herald.

Here is what I had the other day at an officers' mess very close to the front: Beef stew, mashed potatoes, lettuce salad, coffee, cake, canned peaches. The next day, beans of very good quality, generously soaked in a tomato sauce, took the place of the beef stew, and rice pudding was substituted for canned peaches.

No one will get thin on fare like that, and it may be authoritatively stated that the men are by no means growing emaciated. They are the healthiest looking lot of men to be seen anywhere. Thin ones are filling out and fat ones are thinning out. Cheeks which once were inclined to be chalky now are tanned. Hollows under cheek bones have puffed out.

Men Like the Life.

The men with whom I have talked like the life although it is by no means an easy one. So long as food conditions remain good there will be no grumbling from the men. The army has been here long enough now to furnish added proof of the truth of Napoleon's statement that an army fights "on its stomach."

At luncheon at an officers' casual mess recently I saw men well known at the leading hotels in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. One of them is considerable of an epicure and his messmates say he was inclined at first to balk at the rough army food. It is all changed now. He eats beef stew with the same relish he once ate terrapin, and beans he enjoys as thoroughly as he once enjoyed a delicious curry. I asked him if he would like to sit down with a Fifth avenue menu to order from and, pausing in the midst of a course of turnips and mashed potatoes, he said:

"This will do for me, thank you."

Of course, the matter of appetite has a great deal to do with it. No one of all the enlisted men and officers lacks an appetite. When dinner time comes at noon the men are there on the spot, and they are right on the job again at six o'clock in the evening. It might also be said that they are always hungry. One officer, a major, who is a very notable figure in the life of a middle Western city, leaned back from his dinner the other day, lighted a cigar and said:

"This life here is doing more for me than any vacation I ever had."

And he looked it. He said he suffered from insomnia and loss of appetite at times, but that he has had neither since he got out in the open with the army. There are a good many men of great wealth in the various American divisions and they are sharing equally with all, of course. In an officers' barracks, about five miles from the front, I saw a man from Philadelphia who was accustomed to every kind of luxury. Here he was sharing a tiny room with another man who, the Philadelphia man said, snores tremendously.

"But I don't mind it. I don't mind anything now when I lie down for a night's sleep."

Can Sleep Anywhere.

The boys in the ranks have already had far more soldiering than they ever got in the training camps at home. They have tramped on roads for many hours or days at a time, have slept in motor trucks, on crowded trains, have been billeted in barns and in barracks, have slept in fields and by the roadside. Yet there is very little illness and the men look in the pink of condition. They eat regularly and plentifully, and the only complaint I have heard from them is that they would prefer fight to constant training.

The romance of war as pictured by the boyish mind is said by the soldiers to be largely a myth. For instance, in a muddy roadway I saw a brawny private pacing up and down in a driving rain, rifle in position, guarding something (even he didn't know what it was) which was piled up nearby. He had been on guard for ten hours. I asked him how he liked it and he made no reply. The sentries don't talk to any one.

In a camp on the American sector I saw a soldier scrubbing mud off harnesses.

"This isn't quite my idea of what war was going to be," he said, "but (with a touch of genuine American humor) I have found in my short but varied career that things are seldom what they seem."

UNABLE TO SHAKE ALLIED AIR RULE

Entente Machines Surpass Best Hun Types in All Branches of Service.

In spite of the tremendous aviation efforts of the Germans, prompted by the entry of the United States into the world conflict, and their threat to have thousands of aircraft available this spring, the enemy has been unable to even shake the allied air superiority anywhere. The single-seater machines, the Hanover monoplane and the Pfalz biplane do not compare with the latest models of French and British fighting planes.

For speed in climbing the Germans found the Fokker triplane impractical and it was quickly discarded for a new type of monoplane.

While this monoplane was fast it was unreliable and less speedy than the wonderful French Morane. The Pfalz biplane is a little better, but it suffers continually with motor trouble.

The Germans are now using a lighter machine, which carries a brace of machine guns. The enemy's two-seater of the Albatross-Aviation type is still the best machine they have. It is speedy and capable of climbing to a great height, owing to its large spread of wings.

However, the Germans are obliged to use faster observation machines than the allied aviators, as their single-seater fighting machines are incapable of protecting the two-seaters as the allied machines are.

The scout machines of the allies are also used for guard duty, for regulating artillery fire and for photographic work.

It is also noticeable that the accuracy of the enemy's antiaircraft guns is falling off. This is due to the fact that many of their best aviators have been drafted for machine gun service to replace those killed in the recent German offensive.

LONG AND SHORT OF IT AT CAMP DEVENS, MASS.



The original dinky Mutt and Jeff are at Camp Devens. They are Nathaniel Singleton, 4 feet 11 inches, and Fred Mader, 6 feet 8 1/2 inches, both of Miami, Fla. Statisticians at the camp have figured out that it takes Fred just 3 1/4 seconds more to get a drink of water down than it takes his shorter pal to perform the same trick. Despite their great difference in stature, the two men are inseparable pals.

FIND BURIED MONEY

It Was Hidden Years Ago by Pioneer.

While boring a post hole on his farm, located on the old Oregon trail, near the Little Blue river, a few miles northeast of Deshler, Neb., William Beckman struck an obstacle which proved to be an old kettle in which were a number of pieces of money, how much and of what denomination the lucky finder refuses to say. The old kettle and a few of the coins were brought to town and placed on exhibition.

The find is thought to have been buried by a Mr. Jules, who owned the place years ago. He sold out to "Buffalo Bill" (William Cody) and Capt. Lute North, and was afterward killed by the Indians. Tradition says that before the Indians raided the place Mr. Jules secreted a large sum of money, and treasure hunters have searched the place in vain for years for what Mr. Beckman bored into last week.

\$58.28 for Year's Food.

D. D. Dickey, engineer in a factory at Berberon, O., spent just \$58.28 for food, or an average of about 15 cents a day, during 1917. Dickey worked all through the year, twelve hours a day, six days a week and gained two pounds during the year. Dickey's menu had no place on it for meat and milk for steady use, although he had them occasionally. Fruit and baked dishes made up a large part of the bill of fare.

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JNO. D. BABBAGE, Editor and Publisher

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REMEMBER THE DAYS

SUNDAY	ONE MEAL WHEATLESS	THURSDAY	ONE MEAL WHEATLESS
MONDAY	ALL MEALS WHEATLESS	FRIDAY	ONE MEAL WHEATLESS
TUESDAY	ONE MEAL WHEATLESS	SATURDAY	ONE MEAL WHEATLESS
WEDNESDAY	ALL MEALS WHEATLESS		

Home Boys in Service.

Moorman Ditto has been transferred from Camp Zachary Taylor to Camp Upton, Long Island.

Judge Henry DeHaven Moorman, now private Henry DeHaven Moorman has arrived safely in France. This information was received yesterday by Bennett H. Young. Judge Moorman, it will be remembered, left his office in the tenth judicial district to join the army. He did not seek a commission, but went as a private. He did this notwithstanding he is over the draft age. He is in the artillery.

Commissioned as Second Lieut.

Serg. Donnard J. Smith of Co. M. 336 Inf. Camp Zachary Taylor, was graduated last week as a 2nd Lieutenant. He will be commissioned as soon as a vacancy occurs.

Somewhere in France

Dear Folks at Home:—Just a line to let you know I am well and I have been traveling some since I was at home. I did not think I would leave the States so soon, but just got back to Camp and packed up my little satchel and was off.

Well I have heard much about sea sickness and I fully realize what it is now. Believe me you are sure sick. I did not eat anything for three days, but when I got over that spell I could not get enough to eat, I thought about that Easter dinner very often. I certainly would like to be there to help break in the car. I suppose Isadore will try to come over to see me in it. Ha! Ha!

I will tell you about our trip over. Excepting two days our trip on voyage was fine, the first two days the sea was rough.

Tell the boys they can send me some tobacco also send me the Breckenridge News once in a while. I am writing this as we land so I do not know anything about the surroundings someone can write every week. I will close.

As ever,

(My address) Ernest.
Private James E. McGary,
Company M. 6th Inf.,
American Expeditionary Forces,
France.

Priv. McGary is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McGary of Kirk, Ky.

Service Flag for Horses.

Flying from the barn of David Hampden, in the Malibu section, is a service banner on which there are three red stars. Hampden is a widower seventy years of age, has no sons in the army or navy, but a short time ago he shipped three well-bred horses to his nephew in Kansas City, and in a letter Hampden was told the horses had been sold to the government for cavalry service. That is why the banner with the red stars on it is flying from the barn in which the horses were born.—Los Angeles Examiner.

For the June Bride--

The month of weddings will soon be here and some of your friends may be numbered among the June brides, therefore we are offering these few timely suggestions for your benefit—

KNIVES and FORKS, STERLING SILVER SPOONS, ODD FORKS for Pickles Olives and Cold Meat—A BUTTER KNIFE or PIE KNIFE and small FRUIT KNIVES.

A Seth Thomas Clock is always a most acceptable gift. If we haven't these articles in stock we will be glad to order them for you.

REMEMBER

Your Home Jeweler

T. C. LEWIS Hardinsburg, Ky.

Alice Roosevelt's

First Silk Dress.

Arthur Brisbane, the famous editorial writer, says in June American Magazine:

"The Editor every day must answer the question, 'What interests people?' or he must fail.

"The question can be answered in thousands of ways.

"This story is told of Cyrus H. K. Curtis: In days when he paid close attention to his magazines, before he became publisher of the 'Ledger,' Mr. Curtis saw on his desk a picture of Miss Alice Roosevelt as a very young girl. The line under it read 'Miss Alice Roosevelt.'

"That did not satisfy Mr. Curtis. It was not sufficiently interesting to the millions of women reading that particular publication. He added five words: 'in her first silk dress.'

"The line read then, 'Miss Alice Roosevelt in her first silk dress.'

"Young women and girls looked at the picture with sympathetic interest, older women studied it with memories of other years.

"Those five words in that particular edition of the Curtis publication were worth a good many hundred dollars for each word.

"Needless to say, it was Miss Alice Roosevelt's first silk dress, otherwise the Curtis passion for accuracy would have forbidden the additional five words."

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Administrator's Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of B. A. Whittinghill, deceased, will please file same with me as administratrix, at Glen Dean, Ky., and all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate will please call and settle same.

Coral R. Whittinghill, Admx.
Glen Dean, Ky.

Auguste Rodin.

A keener interest in more and more aspects of humanity, a readiness to find more and more kinds of men and women worthy of plastic representation, a preference for expressiveness to traditional beauty, a love of life because it is life—by these tokens we may know Rodin for a modern of the moderns in his day, who made the spirit of his time incarnate in marble and bronze. Like every artist who begins by outraging our love of the familiar, he ended by forcing some of us to revise our definition of beauty, says the New Republic. Even those who most passionately deny that his beauty is beauty can never see quite as they would have seen if Rodin had not lived. He makes them less at ease in presence of the conventionally noble, even when excellent in its kind; reveals a humanity which cannot reach us through the conventionally noble without an effort. Those wrappings of nobleness hid something from us. Was it truth?

It Can't Be Done.

Few know better than Vincent Tabor the utter absurdity of trying to please the women of today. From evidence presented in the Court of Domestic Relations, writes a New York correspondent, it appears that he has at no time tried it, but the demands made by his wife have convinced him that there would be no hope anyway. The matter in consideration was a means to keep Mr. Tabor at work, a means to force him to provide \$8 a week for his wife's support and a means to terminate his desperate struggle to drink a harried world dry. "Aw, judge, nothin' can be done," admitted the somewhat tearful defendant, "as long as yuh can't make money enough to satisfy all the highfalutin' ideas of the women. Two months ago we wuz all right again an' everything goin' good, when Minnie made me move to a house what had a bathtub in it. We ain't had a day of happiness since."

"IT'S A POOR RULE," ETC.



Mrs. Hector—I feel so well I'm sure I must be ill.
Hector—Then feel ill, Maria, and then you'll be sure you're well.

ANDREW JACKSON



Andrew Jackson, great-grandson and namesake of the famous general and president, Andrew Jackson, who fought in the war of 1812 and won the battle of New Orleans, is now a sergeant in the United States army. His father, too, was a soldier, fighting on the side of the South in our Civil war.

YANK FLYERS ACTIVE

Lieut. Eddie Rickenbacker Fells His Third Plane.

United States Men Maintain Big Victory Percentage Over the

With the American Army in France, May 27.—Lieut. Eddie Rickenbacker of Columbus, O., has shot down his third enemy machine. He achieved his latest victory near Thiaucourt.

The shooting down of a German plane, after he had been attacked by four machines, by Lieut. Edward Buford, Jr., of Nashville, Tenn., was officially confirmed.

Lieut. Buford was flying over the enemy lines near St. Mihiel Wednesday when he ran into the quartet of German flyers. He drove for one of them. The German maneuvered and attempted to get Buford in between the other German machines. The American eluded the German and swung homeward.

He was confronted by one Boche and he shot him down just as two others came up. Buford's gun jammed as he turned on the two others. He dived beneath both of them and escaped, returning to his own lines.

It is now permitted to publish for the first time that one of our pursuit squadrons is operating behind the Toul front and their daily patrolling has been making life miserable for the Huns for several weeks. The best tribute paid to their work was by a sausage balloonist.

"It is seldom that any Boche has ventured to cross our lines since these fighters arrived," he said.

The group has more than four victories for every one achieved by the Boche. Their only losses so far are Lufbery, Chapman and Hall. Today the American patrollers were unable to discover a single German machine. The majority of the Americans in the pursuit squadrons were trained in America.

CHICAGO CENSOR SUSPENDED

Major Funkhouser, Second Deputy Superintendent of Police, is Summarily Ousted.

Chicago, May 27.—Maj. M. L. C. Funkhouser, second deputy superintendent of police and censor of moving pictures was summarily suspended by Acting Chief of Police John H. Alcock, pending the filing of charges against the censor with the civil service commission. Recently a storm of protest went up when Funkhouser ordered some cutouts of the Gerard film "My Four Years in Germany," the new Griffith picture "Hearts of the World," and a recent production Theda Bara. His ordering of a bronze statue "The Sower" off the steps of the Art Institute also brought on a storm.

6 BILLIONS FOR SUPPLY CORPS

Addition of \$1,335,100,347 to Quartermaster's Appropriation is Sought—Revised Figures.

Washington, May 27.—Substitute estimates of quartermaster's corps of the army, increasing the original estimate by \$1,335,100,347 for the next fiscal year, were submitted to congress by the war department. The revised figures are based on the reorganized activities of the quartermaster corps, the total estimate being for \$5,791,910,383.

Bulgars Attack Royal Train. Munich, May 27.—Travelers arriving here from Germany declare that discontented Bulgarian soldiers attacked Emperor Charles' train after it had left Constantinople.

Hun U-Boat Seeks Haven. Madrid, May 27.—The German submarine U-6 has entered the port of Santander, Spain, it was learned. The U-boat was in a damaged condition.

What are YOU doing

with



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Long Live The King

By
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
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It sounded sinister. Old Adelbert, heavy hearted, turned away and climbed again to the street. That gateway was closed, too. And he felt a pang of uneasiness. What could have happened to the boy? Was the world, after all, only a place of trouble?

But now came good fortune, and, like evil, it came not singly. The operation was over, and his daughter on the mend. The fee was paid also. And the second followed on the heels of the first.

He did not like Americans. Too often, in better days, had he heard the merits of the American republic compared with the shortcomings of his own government. When, as happened now and then, he met the American family on the staircase, he drew sharply aside that no touch of republicanism might contaminate his uniform.

On that day, however, things changed.

First of all, he met the American lad in the hallway, and was pleased to see him doff his bit of a cap. Not many, nowadays, uncovered a head to him. The American lad was going down; Adelbert was climbing, one step at a time, and carrying a small basket of provisions.

The American boy, having passed, turned, hesitated, went back. "I'd like to carry that for you, if you don't mind."

"Carry it?"

"I am very strong," said the American boy stoutly.

So Adelbert gave up his basket, and the two went up. Four long flights of stone stairs led to Adelbert's room. The ascent took time and patience.

At the door Adelbert paused. "Then, loneliness overcoming prejudice, 'Come in,' he said.

The bare little room appeared to the boy. "It's very nice, isn't it?" he said. "There's nothing to fall over."

"And but little to sit on," old Adelbert added dryly. "However, two people require but two chairs. Here is one."

But the boy would not sit down. He ranged the room, frankly curious, exclaimed at the pair of ring doves who lived in a box tied to the window sill, and asked for crumbs for them. Adelbert brought bread from his small store.

The boy cheered him. His interest in the old saber, the interest with which he listened to its history, the politeness with which he ignored his host's indelicacy, all won the old man's heart.

These Americans downstairs were not all bad, then. They were too rich, of course. No one should have meat three times a day, as the meat seller reported they did. And they were paying double rent for the apartment below. But that, of course, they could not avoid, not knowing the real charge.

The boy was frankly delighted. And when old Adelbert brought forth from his basket a sausage and, boiling it lightly, served him a slice between two pieces of bread, an odd friendship was begun that was to have unforeseen consequences. They had broken bread together.

Gradually, over the meal, and the pigeons, and what not, old Adelbert unbent his heart. He told of his years at the opera, where he had kept his glasses clean and listened to the music until he knew by heart even the most difficult passages. He told of the crown prince, who always wished opera glasses, not because he needed them, but because he liked to turn them wrong end before, and thus make the audience appear at a great distance. And then he told of the loss of his position.

The American lad listened politely, but his mind was on the crown prince. "Does he wear a crown?" he demanded. "I saw him once in a carriage, but I think he had a hat. When will he be a king?"

"When the old king dies. He is very old now. I was in a hospital once, after a battle. And he came in. He put his hand on my shoulder, like this—he illustrated it on the child's small one—and said—"

Considering that old Adelbert no longer loved his king, it is strange to record that his voice broke.

"Will he die soon?" Bobby put in. He found kings as much of a novelty as to Prince Ferdinand William Otto they were the usual thing.

"Who knows? But when he dies, the city will learn at once. The great bell of the cathedral, which never rings save at such times, will toll. They say it is a sound never to be forgotten. I, of course, have never heard it. When it tolls, all in the city will fall on their knees and pray. It is the custom."

Bobby, reared to strict Presbyterianism and accustomed to kneeling but once a day, and that at night beside his bed, in the strict privacy of his own apartment, looked rather startled. "What will they pray for?" he said.

And old Adelbert, with a new bitterness, replied that the sons of kings needed much prayer. Sometimes they

were hard and did cruel things. "And then the crown prince will be a king," Bobby reflected. "If I were a



"If I Were a King I'd Make People Stand Around."

king, I'd make people stand around. But has the crown prince only a grandfather, and no father?"

"He died—the boy's father. He was murdered, and the princess his mother also."

Bobby's eyes opened wide. "Who did it?"

"Terrorists," said old Adelbert. And would not be persuaded to say more.

That night at dinner Bobby Thorpe delivered himself of quite a speech. He sat at the table, and now and then, when the sour-faced governess looked at her plate, he slipped a bit of food to his dog, which waited beside him.

"There's a very nice old man upstairs," he said. "He has a fine sword, and ring doves, and a wooden leg. And he used to rent opera glasses to the crown prince, only he turned them around. I'm going to try that with yours, mother. We had sausage together, and he has lost his position, and he's never been on the scenic railway, father. I'd like some tickets for him. He would like riding, I'm sure, because walking must be pretty hard. And what I want to know is this: Why can't you give him a job, father?"

"What sort of a job, son? A man with one leg?"

"He doesn't need legs to chop tickets with."

The governess listened. She did not like Americans. Barbarians they were, and these were of the middle class, being in trade. For a scenic railway is trade, naturally. Except that they paid a fat salary, with an extra month at Christmas, she would not be there.

"He means the old soldier upstairs," said Bobby's mother softly. She was a gentle person. Her eyes were wide and childlike, and it was a sort of religion of the family to keep them full of happiness.

This also the governess could not understand.

"So the old soldier is out of work," mused the head of the family. Head, thought the governess! When they wound him about their fingers! He liked men of sterner stuff. In her mountain country the men did as they wished, and sometimes beat their wives by way of showing their authority. Under no circumstances, she felt, would this young man ever beat his wife. He was a weakling.

The weakling smiled across the table at the wife with the soft eyes. "How about it, mother?" he asked. "Shall the firm of 'Bobby and I' offer him a job?"

"I would like it very much," said the weakling's wife, dropping her eyes to hide the pride in them.

"Suppose," said the weakling, "that you run up after dinner, Bob, and bring him down. Now sit still, young man, and finish. There's no such hurry as that."

And in this fashion did old Adelbert become ticket chopper of the American Scenic Railway.

And in this fashion, too, commenced that odd friendship between him and the American lad that was to have so vital an effect on the very life itself of the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto of Livonia.

Late that evening, old Adelbert's problem having been solved, Popy the maid and Bobby had a long talk. Popy sat in a low chair by the tiled stove in the kitchen, and knitted a stocking with a very large foot.

"What I want to know is this," said Bobby, swinging his legs on the table: "What are the terrorists?"

Popy dropped her knitting, and stared with open mouth. "What know you of such things?" she demanded.

"Well, terrorists killed the crown prince's father, and—"

Quite suddenly Popy leaped from her chair, and covered Bobby's mouth with her hand. "Hush!" she said, and stared about her with frightened eyes. Then, in a whisper: "They are everywhere. No one knows who they are, nor where they meet. I myself, she went on impressively, "crossing the place one night late, after spending the evening with a friend, saw a line of cats moving in the shadows. One of them stopped and looked at me." Popy crossed herself. "It had a face like the Fraulein in there."

Bobby stared with interest through the doorway. The governess did look

like a cat. "Maybe she's one of them," he reflected aloud. "Oh, for God's sake, hush!" cried Popy, and fell to knitting rapidly. Nor could Bobby elicit anything further from her. But that night, in his sleep, he saw a crown prince, dressed in velvet and ermine, being surrounded and attacked by an army of cats, and went, shivering, to crawl into his mother's bed.

CHAPTER X.

The Committee of Ten.

On the evening of the annual day of mourning, the party returned from the fortress. The archduchess slept. The crown prince talked, mostly to Hedwig, and even she said little. After a time the silence affected the boy's high spirits. He leaned back in his chair on the deck of the launch, and watched the flying landscape.

It was almost dark when the launch arrived at the quay. The red carpet was still there, and another crowd. Had Prince Ferdinand William Otto been less taken up with finding one of his kid gloves, which he had lost, he would have noticed that there was a scuffle going on at the very edge of the red carpet, and that the beggar of the morning was being led away, between two policemen, while a third, running up the river bank, gingerly deposited a small round object in the water, and stood back. It was merely one of the small incidents of a royal outing, and was never published in the papers. But Father Gregory, whose old eyes were far sighted, had seen it all. His hand—the hand of the church—was on the shoulder of the crown prince as they landed.

The boy looked around for the little girl of the bouquet. He took an immense interest in little girls, partly because he seldom saw any. But she was gone.

When the motor which had taken them from the quay reached the palace, Hedwig roused the archduchess, whose head had dropped forward on her chest. "Here we are, mother," she said. "You have had a nice sleep."

But Annunziata muttered something about being glad the wretched day was over, and every one save Prince Ferdinand William Otto seemed glad to get back. The boy was depressed. He felt, somehow, that they should have enjoyed it, and that, having merely endured it, they had failed him again. The countess, having left her royal mistress in the hands of her maids, went to her own apartment. She was not surprised, on looking into her mirror, to find herself haggard and worn. It had been a terrible day. Only a second had separated that gaping lens in her bag from the eyes of the officers about. Never, in an adventurous life, had she felt so near to death. Even now its cold breath chilled her.

However, that was over, well over. She had done well, too. A dozen pictures of the fortress, of its guns, of even its mine chart as it hung on a wall, were in the bag. Its secrets, so securely held, were hers, and would be Karl's.

It was a cunningly devised scheme. Two bags, exactly alike as to appearance, had been made. One, which she carried daily, was what it appeared to be. The other contained a camera, tiny but accurate, with a fine lens. When a knob of the fastening was pressed, the watch slid aside and the shutter snapped. The pictures when enlarged had proved themselves perfect.

Pleading fatigue, she dismissed her maid and locked the doors. Then she opened the sliding panel, and unfasted the safe. The roll of film was in her hand, ready to be deposited under the false bottom of her jewel case.

Within the security of her room, the countess felt at ease. She even sang a little, a bit of a ballad from her native mountains.

Still singing, she carried the jewel case to her table, and sat down before it. Then she put a hand to her throat.

The lock had been forced. A glance about showed her that her code book was gone. In the tray above, her jewels remained untouched; her pearl collar, the diamond knickknacks the archduchess had given her on successive Christmases, even a handful of gold coins, all were safe enough. But the code book was gone. Then indeed did the countess look death in the face—and found it terrible. For a moment she could not so much as stand without support. It was then that she saw a paper folded under her jewels and took it out with shaking fingers. In fine, copperplate script she read:

Madame—Tonight at one o'clock a closed fiacre will wait you in the Street of the Wise Virgin, near the church. You will go in it, without fail, to wherever it takes you.

(Signed) The Committee of Ten.

The committee of ten! This thing had happened to her. Then it was true that the half mythical committee of ten existed, that this terror of Livonia was a real terror, which had her by the throat. For there was no escape. None. Now indeed she knew that rumor spoke the truth, and that the terrorists were everywhere. In daylight they had entered her room. They had known of the safe, known of the code. Known how much else?

Wild ideas of flight crossed her mind, to be as instantly abandoned for their futility. Where could she go that they would not follow her? When she had reacted from her first shock she fell to pondering the matter, pro and con. What could they want of her? If she was an enemy to the country, so were they. But even that led nowhere, for after all the terrorists were not enemies to Livonia. They claimed indeed to be its friends,

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ALL HAVE THEIR UNDER-DOGS

Good Reasons Why People's Sympathies Are With the Fellow Who Is Temporarily Down.

Our sympathies naturally travel the line of likes—that is, the things we feel in ourselves, we feel in others. We applaud the under-dog, because we so often have been the under-dog. We like to lift the other fellow up when he is down, because we also have been down. Sympathy starts at home—or else it isn't sympathy.

Your periodic moods of failure and disappointment are your under-dogs.

So, instead of walking past these under-dogs of yours and casting no sympathy their way, pause to give them your heart and your hope, and soon the picture and fact will be your over-dogs—your victories and your genuine achievements.

No under-dogs can possibly appeal in importance to the under-dogs of your daily experience.

Perhaps you will applaud alone the under-dogs of your personal glooms and shadows, but what of it? As Lowell says: "Daily, with souls that cringe and plot, we sinners climb and know it not." What difference, what odds, so long as over your "manhood bend the skies?"

Courageously cheer the under-dogs of your experiences and stay proudly by them until their fight becomes a factor of your kingship.—George Matthew Adams, in Good Housekeeping.

GLASS STAINED BY X-RAYS

Experiments Have Shown These Produce the Same Effect as the Light of the Sun.

It is well known that glass exposed for long to sunlight acquires a violet tint. In very old houses the windows facing south are often distinctly violet. Experiments recently made in the laboratories of the General Electric company at Schenectady with X-rays prove that these can be used to dye glass in many colors, principally an amethystine violet and an amber yellow, but also green and bright yellow.

These colors, according to Mr. Rosenthal, who conducted the experiments, are due to modifications of the physical structure of the glass and not to chemical alterations. The color can be made to penetrate to any desired depth, from a mere surface tint to complete coloration of the entire substance. And the same method can be applied to tinting porcelain, enamel and precious stones.

An interesting and important fact about this glass that has been colored by long exposure to X-rays is that it becomes impervious to the radiations that have transformed it. Thus it can be used as a protection against the glare of the sun or the snow and against the X-rays themselves.

Russia and the United States.

The old autocratic government of Russia was always particularly friendly to the United States. During the Revolutionary war Russia offered to mediate for peace and her offer was accepted by the United States but declined by Great Britain. Russia was one of the first governments to recognize the independence of the United States and continued to show her good will by making treaties of amity and commerce with the United States. Several of our early presidents in their messages referred to "the continued friendship of Russia." In 1823, Russia proposed a friendly adjustment through diplomatic channels of the boundary line between American and Russian possessions in the Northwest and President Monroe authorized the United States minister to Russia to attend to the matter. In doing so he said: "The government of the United States has been desirous by this friendly proceeding to manifest the great value which they have invariably attached to the friendship of Russia and their solicitude to cultivate the best understanding with that government."

Love in Fishdom.

This is no "fish" story as the term is usually referred to, but it is a story about fish. Jim Foster, student of fish affairs, vouches for its authenticity.

Jim has a collection of big live fish in a small aquarium in a downtown restaurant and for 12 hours every night he watches them perform.

"The fish are very affectionate," declared the fish student. "They are good-natured and kind toward one another. See those two largest fish? They are married, I guess, or else in love with each other. They always kiss each other good night and nibble affectionately at each other's mouths. The female of the two never puts her cold fins on the male one's back. And in the morning—say, it's amusing to watch them yawn and stretch themselves."—Detroit Free Press.

How Would You Tie a Camel?

Because of its peculiar swaying motion in walking the camel has been called the "ship of the desert." This title may also have some reference to the extreme stupidity and passivity of the animal, which submits to great leads, which it will often carry for days at a time without stopping for food or drink, with no more urging than a ship would require from the hands of its pilot, says the Popular Science Monthly. The manner in which the drivers hobble the camels when they stop for a rest is interesting. They do not depend upon stakes driven in the deep, yielding sand, but simply double back and tie one of the forelegs of the animal, so that it can lie down or rise up, but cannot move from the spot.

WORTHY OF MORE MENTION

Brakeman Seldom Properly Appreciated in Life or Appropriately Honored in Death.

Following a railway accident recently, there was great relief in official circles when the report was made that only a brakeman had been killed. Only a brakeman! And there were hundreds of others waiting to fill his shoes.

Only a brakeman! His name was not given in the telegraphic report of the accident. He had not made a name to which the world would pay tribute. There were only a few friends who knew him in the railway Y. M. C. A. and a brother and sister in Russia. Home, family, friends he had left in the land of oppression to come to America, the country of opportunity. Alone, ignorant, untrained in American ways, he was only a brakeman in the official report telling of his death.

Only a brakeman! Yet it is such as he who are moving our freight, trucking the meat that supplies our tables, hauling the coal that heats our homes, bringing the milk with which we feed our babies. Standing on top of their freight cars, leaning against the wind, with the dust of the deserts in their faces, the roar of the engines in their ears, and the grime of the nations on their hands, wherever you find cars, engines, freight, soot, danger, there you will find the brakeman, toiling sleeplessly, hopefully, uncomplainingly, with death stalking ever at his side, to give us comforts and make our homes happy. Yet when the car couplers pinch him within their giant jaws or the wrecked train crushes out his life beside the railway track, the reports that the public reads record the death of only a brakeman.—Milwaukee Journal.

ONE OF WORLD'S CURIOSITIES

Fir Tree in Belgium Has Characteristics Unlike Any of Its Kind So Far as Known.

What is claimed to be one of the most curious trees in the world was found in Belgium by M. Louis Pire, president of the Royal Botanical Society of Belgium. It is a fir tree, still standing at last account, in the forests of Alliez, Canton of Vaud.

"This particular tree," reports Professor Pire, "stands 4,500 feet above the sea and is surrounded by a forest of firs, which it exceeds in height by 20 to 40 feet."

"The trunk of this tree is ten meters, or a little more than thirty feet, in circumference at the base. At about a yard from the ground it puts out, on the south side, seven offshoots, which have grown into trunks as strong and vigorous as those of the other trees in the forest. Bent and gnarled at the bottom, these side-trunks soon straighten themselves up and rise perpendicularly and parallel to the main stem."

"Another most curious fact is that the two largest side-trunks are connected with the principal stem by sub-quadrangular braces resembling girders. These braces have probably been formed by an anastomosing of branches, which, common enough among the angiosperms, is extremely rare among conifers."

Ben Franklin's Simple Diet.

It is amusing to read how Ben Franklin thrived on a biscuit, or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins, or a tart from the pastry cook and a glass of water, varied at times by boiled rice or a potato, or a hasty pudding of his own making. Upon this fare grew America's greatest statesman and the world's greatest philosopher. The rich and ambitious youth of these days would scorn such a diet, holding that it was the eating that made the man. But Benjamin not only saved time and money by his new diet, but as he says: "I made greater progress from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which generally attended temperance in eating and drinking." This abstemious life did not seem to detract from his health, but rather contributed to his longevity, for he lived to be eighty-four years old.

Formation and Color.

The iridescence of nautilus, or mother-of-pearl, is a matter of form and not actual color. In fact, all "changeable" colors are more or less the result of form even where there is pigmentation beneath, such as in certain ribbed silks. When sunlight bears directly upon finely ribbed metal, as a file, there is the same play of colors.

In the case of mother-of-pearl an interesting experiment has been made. An impression of the pearl was taken upon pure white wax. It was then found that the apparently smooth surface of the pearl had still sufficient irregularities to impress upon the wax a surface that resulted in similar color manifestations.—Edwin Tarrisse.

Regret Interference With Nature.

Australia is regretting the laws passed some years ago ordering the slaughter of hawks, owls, carrion crows or other birds that prey on young animals and birds, says a Sydney dispatch to the Cleveland Press. These have now been almost wiped out, with the result, as described by a recent writer, that decaying bodies, numerous on sheep farms, have been left to be demolished by the larvae of blowflies, which have now increased to such an appalling extent as to threaten the sheep on the runs with destruction, the animals becoming "flyblown" and eaten up alive by this dangerous pest.

THINGS THAT WE LAUGH AT

Inanimate Objects, Because of Association, Used by Comedians to Cause People to Smile.

The intrinsic humor possessed by inanimate objects is a study in itself. A person has but to lift up a string of sausages to make us smile. There must be some curious association of ideas, writes Rob Wagner in the Saturday Evening Post, that has always made of sausages a favorite prop for the comedian. The popularity of spaghetti as a laugh provoker probably lies in the great difficulty of eating it with dignity. Because of some strange significance, lawnmowers and baby carriages are potential of much mirth.

Inanimate objects are not the only facetious things in life; among the fruits and vegetables we find are comedians. We have a complete flora and fauna of comedy that every director is supposed to know. The edible props of plesantry are the cabbage, prune and onion; while among the animals, the jackass and the mule get the longest laughs, though I believe the goat produces the strongest.

We had a stupid director who thought because a Shetland pony offered such a tremendous contrast to a mule he could hitch the two together and get a lot of laughs. It cost a bunch of money to convince this unanalytical chump that people regard these distinctive horses much as they do beautiful children; they are too sweet and cute to be subjected to the slightest indignity. Sheer beauty is never funny.

OLD CHURCH WITH A HISTORY

St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Has Pews Permanently Reserved for Sovereign and Prince.

There are many interesting associations with royalty attaching to the historic church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where the king and queen recently attended a special service. It is not generally known, states a London correspondent, that pews are permanently reserved there for the sovereign and the prince of Wales owing to the fact that it is the mother church of all the royal parishes, and the parish church for Buckingham palace.

Henry VIII built the first church to prevent funerals passing his palace in Whitehall. The present edifice dates from 1723, and its chief claim to architectural distinction is that it possesses the only perfect example of a Grecian portico in London. In the older church some of the children of Charles II were christened.

George I presented it with an organ, on which Handel frequently played. Nell Gwynne and Jack Sheppard were buried in the ancient vaults. It was opposite the present St. Martin's, where the National Portrait Gallery now stands, that the Merry Monarch, on his way to Drury Lane theater, caught his first glimpse of the famous beauty as she was selling her oranges.

Effects of the Sun.

City dwellers and those who do not lead a constant outdoor life should avoid exposing unclad portions of their bodies to the bright sunlight for a prolonged period. According to the Journal of the American Medical Association, German specialists who have investigated the subject say that the damage that frequently follows the popular pastime of lying for hours in the sun on the sand at German beaches is not merely sunburn, but headache and often meningitis. Those who are inclined to be nervous are more quickly affected by undue exposure to the rays of the sun, and the anemic and nervously predisposed city indoor workers are the very persons who are most fond of sun baths. A tanned and vascular skin offers a better protection against the sun's rays, but the city dweller's skin is neither pigmented nor vascular. Instead of being benefited, the nervous are rendered more nervous, and when the summer is over they are tanned, but otherwise in poorer condition than in the spring.

Gold in Montana.

The first discovery of gold in Montana is accredited to a halfbreed Indian, who in 1852 found "colors" in gravel near the mouth of Gol creek, a small stream that rises in the northeast corner of the Phillipsburg quadrangle, and the first workable places discovered in Montana were found on this creek in 1862, recites the Geological Press Survey Bulletin. A small quantity of gold was taken out of these gravels by means of sluice boxes on the creek near the present site of Pioneer. The deposit afterward exploited by the Hope mine was discovered in December, 1864, and in 1865 Phillipsburg was founded just south of the mine. Since that time the Phillipsburg district has produced about \$50,000,000 in gold and silver.

Curious Walking Feat.

The most curious walking feat in Scotland dates back to a former century, when Sir Andrew Leith Hay and Lord Kennedy did a great walk for a bet of £4,500. Hay said he could walk from Blair hall in Kincardineshire to Inverness in less time than Kennedy.

They started off that very night at nine o'clock, in their evening clothes, with their shoes and silk stockings. Sir Andrew took the coach road via Huntly and Elgin. Lord Kennedy, with Captain Ross as umpire, went straight across the Gramplains in pouring rain. They walked all that night, all next day, and the following night, and Lord Kennedy got to Inverness at six o'clock in the morning of the third day, and won his bet by four hours.

CAUSED BY WEIGHT OF SNOW

Simple Explanation of Odd Shapes of Trees, That Has Been a Mystery to Many.

To the person who is not versed in forest lore the grotesquely bent tree trunks that are to be found in almost all woods are mystifying, and wonder is often aroused as to the cause, remarks the Popular Science Monthly. Foresters will tell questioners that in the case of trees in mountainous country and other sections where the snowfall is heavy, the weight of snow is responsible in most instances for the queer twists they assume. When a tree is young the weight of snow that falls on its branches often bends the trunk over until it is flattened to the ground. Sometimes it is buried under six or eight feet of snow and held in that position so long that when warm weather comes the tree fails to spring back into its normal position. The summer sun causes the tip of the young tree to turn upward and if it manages to withstand the weight of the snow of the next winter, that portion of the tree will, as a general rule, continue to grow in a normal way. "Hairpin" bends and other odd shapes result.

A curious tree stands on the top of Tunnel hill, Johnstown, Pa., about four miles from town. It is a sugar maple about one hundred years old which has prolonged its own life by grafting a branch into a much younger tree.

BECOMES IRKSOME AT TIMES

No Matter What the Nature of One's Occupation, Its Routine Will Occasionally Weary.

Are there times when your work becomes intolerably irksome? Yes? Well, don't jump at the conclusion that you are in the wrong place when this happens once in awhile. That will be true whatever work you choose. No matter how well adapted you are to your occupation, there will come times when your thoughts will wander, and the routine will weary you, and you will feel that any other work would be preferable to that which you have chosen. One of the best-known woman writers of the last generation wrote an impassioned warning to literary aspirants, telling them to do any work, even scrubbing floors, in preference to taking up a literary career. Undoubtedly she wrote at a time when her chosen work seemed unspeakably irksome, but if she had been cornered, she would probably have acknowledged that the profession of authorship has considerably to commend it when compared with scrubbing floors.

This occasional impatience with our vocation is inevitable. No matter how congenial it is, there are times when it will seem a burden. The people who change their occupation every time it begins to bore them, are the tramps of the business world.

As to Remarkable Longevity.

We have all read of Thomas Parr, who lived to be one hundred and fifty-two. Likewise of the countess of Desmond, one hundred and forty-five; Margaret Patten, one hundred and thirty-seven; Thomas Damme, one hundred and sixty-four; John Rovin, one hundred and seventy-two; and Peter Torton, who reached the age of one hundred and eighty-five. But these cases of extraordinary longevity lack proof.

In the days when those persons lived no accurate chronological records were kept, and dates of occurrences were usually fixed by associating them in memory with other events believed to have happened about the same time. A man's identity was liable to be confused with that of a grandfather of the same name.

Nowadays nobody lives to any such ages. Why imagine that the extreme limits of longevity have shrunk within the last two or three centuries?

Winter's Discipline.

He who marvels at the beauty of the world in summer will find equal cause for wonder and admiration in winter. It is true the pomp and pageantry are swept away, but the essential elements remain—the day and the night, the mountain and the valley, the elemental play and succession, and the perpetual presence of the infinite sky. In winter the stars seem to have rekindled their fires, the moon achieves a fuller triumph, and the heavens wear a look of more exalted simplicity. Summer is more wooling. . . . more versatile and human, appeals to the affections and the sentiments, and fosters inquiry and the art impulse. Winter is of a more heroic cast, and addresses the intellect. The severe studies and disciplines come easier in winter. One imposes larger tasks upon himself.

How to Tell Age of Eggs.

There is a simple method of ascertaining the age of eggs, based upon the fact that the airy space at the broad end of the egg increases with its age. Now, when the egg is placed in a tumbler of water in which any amount of common salt is dissolved, it will, with increasing age, tend ever more to assume a position with its longitudinal axis in a perpendicular direction. A fresh laid egg will lie horizontally on the bottom of the vessel. An egg from three to four days old will rise with its broad end, so that its longitudinal axis forms with its horizontal axis an angle of 20 degrees. At the age of eight days the angle increases to 45 degrees, at the age of two weeks to 60 degrees, and at the age of three weeks to about 75 degrees. When the egg is more than a month old it will float perpendicularly on its small end.

Ladies' Summer

Toggery
Latest Millinery
Dress Goods
Hosiery
Underwear
Corsets
Shoes

Children's Summer

Outfit
Socks and Stockings
Slippers
Hats
Hair Ribbon
Parasols
Fans

Prepare
now
for the

Mid-Summer Days and Subscribe to
the Red Cross War Fund

Men's Summer

Clothes
Straw Hats
Low Shoes
Wash Ties
Underwear
Shirts
Socks

Drive
This
Week

Bring
us
Your Produce.
We pay
the Highest
Market Prices.

I. B. RICHARDSON
Garfield, Kentucky

Startling News Is Crowding the Telegraph Wires Every Day

Undoubtedly We Have Entered Upon
the Most Momentous Months in
the History of the Universe.

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While It Is Really News, You must Read
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The Breckenridge News has made a clubbing arrangement with the Courier-Journal by which people of this section may get the Courier-Journal every day but Sunday by mail and The Breckenridge News both a full year for \$6.00. The Daily Courier-Journal alone costs subscribers \$5.00 per year.

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Home and Farm	.50
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Cloverport Ky.

Use News Want Ads for Results

HARDINSBURG

Mrs. Ferd McShee, Irvington is the guest of relatives in town.

Dr. and Mrs. S. P. Parks and son, Irvington motored to town Sunday afternoon.

The crowd Sunday afternoon was as large as on Circuit Court. Fathers, mothers, wives and sweethearts came with the boys who were in this call.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Withers, Kirk were visitors in town Sunday.

\$3500 was raised last Wednesday for the Red Cross. A large crowd was present. Two American soldiers just from the French trenches spoke, also Messrs. Morgan, Cherry and Brown. This Chapter sold dinner and cleared \$150 which was donated to the Red Cross Fund.

Prof. G. R. McCoy, Cloverport was in town Thursday and attended the commencement exercises.

Rev. Robert Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Trent and baby will attend the District Conference at Upton this week.

Dr. J. W. Meador and Mrs. Meador, Custer and Dr. Raymond Meador and Mrs. Meador, Irvington attended the commencement exercises Thursday evening.

Mrs. Homer Combett, Louisville is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Whitworth.

J. C. Payne and daughter, Miss Susie Thomas Payne, Irvington were in town Friday.

Mrs. Anna Hayes, Cleveland, Ohio, is the guest of her nephew, Marshall Norton and Mrs. Norton.

Mrs. Nannie Hook and daughter, Miss Allene Hook are at home from an extended visit to her son in Youngs town, Ohio.

R. C. Richardson, Midway and Miss Sallie Richardson, Union Star have been the guests of their sister, Mrs. P. M. Beard and Mr. Beard.

Miss Judith Ellen Beard has returned from Central City where she has been teaching in the high school.

The Ladies Prayer Meeting will hold its next meeting with Mrs. A. X. Kincheloe Friday afternoon at three o'clock.

Miss Annie Wyman left Friday for her home in Maysville to spend her vacation.

Misses Adelle and Mary Frymire have returned to their home in Chenault.

Prof. J. C. Steele left Friday for Louisville. Prof. Steele will be married June the fourth to Miss Ethel Coleman, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. A. M. Kincheloe went to McQuady Friday and organized a Red Cross Society.

Miss Esther Meador came down from Louisville and attended the commencement exercises.

Miss Elmina Lyons has returned to her home in McQuady.

Dr. A. M. Kincheloe entertained Bishop Woodcock. The Bishop's address on Patriotism to the graduating class was very fine.

Misses Emma and Bettie Pile have returned to their home in Custer.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Beard and children and Miss Ella Ahi spent Sunday in Cloverport with their brother, Sam Ahi and Mrs. Ahi.

Mr. and Mrs. Larkin Gibson and Mrs. Amos Board, Cloverport were in town Thursday.

Mrs. Robert Johnson and daughters, Misses Katurah and Christine will go to Elizabethtown this week for a visit to Rev. Hogard and family.

Marvin Beard Jr., returned home from the K. M. I. Saturday evening. He was accompanied home by two of his school mates.

Mrs. Lee Bishop will sell all millinery at cost during the month of June. See her and get your mid-summer hat.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Beard entertained a number of the younger set Saturday evening in honor of their son, M. D. Beard Jr. and his guests.

Sixty-six left here Monday morning for Camp Zachary Taylor. Several of them were school teachers.

HILL ITEMS

Addis Kramer was married last Thursday to Miss Elizabeth Miller of Tell City, Ind. They came on the afternoon to the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Kramer.

Mr. Luther Pate arrived last week with his wife who is seriously ill with tuberculosis. For eleven weeks, Mrs. Pate had been a patient in the Evansville City Hospital. They were enroute to their home in the country but owing to her serious condition she is at Mr. Pate's mother's, Mrs. R. S. Pate.

Arthur Daugherty spent three days of last week in Fordsville on business.

Charlie Satterfield was able to be at the store last Saturday after being at home from general debility and severe cold.

Mrs. O. B. Mattingly has gone to McQuady to be at the bedside of her sister, Mrs. Joe Ball who is suffering with cancer and the worst expected at any time.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Loyd left Mon-

Don't experiment on clothes now

This is no time to experiment in clothes. You may have enough money so that you can afford to take a chance on doubtful quality.

But you cant afford to waste resources that our fighters need.

When you buy cheap clothes you're not only wasting your money but you're wasting labor and wool.

You'll have to buy nearly two cheap cotton mixed suits to get the wear that is in one good all-wool suit. That requires nearly twice as much labor and at least one-half again as much wool.

Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes are all wool for long wear and economy: we sell them because we can say that about them. We dont say that because we have the clothes —there's a difference.

B. F. BEARD & CO.

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Hardinsburg, Ky.

Floor Coverings

Rugs 9 x 12

Matting.....	\$5.00 and \$6.00
Floor Craft.....	\$8.75
Congoleum.....	\$12.50
Brussels.....	\$14.50
Highspire Tapestry.....	\$18.50
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Nipperhams Seamless.....	\$30.00

Just Received

10 New Patterns of Matting
by the yard - - 50c and 60c

Ladies Black Silk Hose

65c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00

Ladies White Silk Hose

65c, \$1.25, \$1.50

Ladies Silk Hose in Bronze, Khaki, Silkes

\$1.50

Mail orders filled. Postage prepaid.

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THE BANK OF SECURITY—SERVICE—CONTENTMENT

WE ALWAYS HAVE MONEY TO LOAN

3 Per Cent Paid on Time Deposits

LODIBURG

day to meet Mrs. Loyd's mother, who will return with them.

Mrs. Vane Pate, Louisville has been for two weeks the guest of her daughter Mrs. F. M. Taberling.

Mrs. Nat Tucker who has been quite ill is much improved.

Mrs. Rob Wilson has postponed her visit to Dayton, Ohio on account of the illness of her aunt, Mrs. Luther Pate.

GARFIELD.

Mesdames, Ella Mattingly, V. W. Smith, J. A. Sandbach and children, called on Mrs. Andrew Squires, who is ill, Tuesday.

D. H. Smith returned from Hot Springs, Ark., Thursday, and reported Mrs. Smith as doing nicely.

Quite a delegation from here attended the Red Cross Drive, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Richardson and children attended the commencement at Hardinsburg, on last Thursday night.

Mrs. A. D. LeGrand and son, Charlie, Misses Pearl Belle Mattingly and Cora May Tabor attended the funeral of Miss Ethel Bert Thomas, at Irvington, Thursday.

Mrs. Laura Bridwell, of Louisville, is visiting relatives here and at Wood row.

Little Miss Jessie Leigh Triplett, of Irvington, is the guest of her grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Snyder are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little sldier by.

Mrs. J. W. Marr received a letter, last week from her son, Clay, who is serving in the army, stating that he had been injured by being caught between two motor trucks, breaking some bones and mashing his shoulder badly.

Mrs. Claude Shumate spent Friday with Mrs. Zell Board and Miss Runa Board.

T. A. Gray was in Louisville, last Thursday and Friday.

Milton Basham was in town Monday, calling on friends.

Mrs. Ella Mattingly and daughter had as their guests, Sunday, Misses Lydia Macy and Nannie Board, Mrs. L. P. Poole and son, Karl Edward.

THURSDAY

OF MEAL

WHEATLESS

WE DO BREAD CRACKERS, PASTES AND FLAKES IN BULK

CONTRACTS FOR DELIVERY



Ammons

Guy Nelson and Irvin Horsley were in Sample Monday

Mother's night will be observed at the Baptist church June 9

Mrs. Margaret Canary was the guest of Mrs. Ruby Gampkins Monday.

Jim Severs was the guest of his brother in Owensboro this week.

Misses Guffie and Laura Nelson and Jada Horsley were the guests of Miss Carrie Severs Thursday.

Mrs. Luella Shellman was in Stephensport Thursday.

Miss Ethel Morgan and Mrs. Margaret Canary were the guests of Mrs. Cal Morgan Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tish Gampkins are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a boy, Joe Patent Gampkins

Do you get up at night? Sanol is surely the best for all kidney or bladder troubles. Sanol gives relief in 24 hours from all backache and bladder troubles. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. 50c and \$1.00 a bottle at the drug store.

USING THE BOYS

Working Reserve as a Means of Relieving the Farm Labor Shortage.

County Agricultural Agent, Joseph Harth, has received a package of application cards to be used in securing boys to work on farms in this county. These boys are members of the Boys' Working Reserve, a national organization having for its object the placing of young men between 16 and 21 years of age on the farms to help in piecing out the farm labor shortage.

The Reserve is composed largely of young men of the city high schools. The plan has the official endorsement of President Wilson. It is not an experiment but has been in successful operation in Canada for the past two years. Last year several thousand Canadian city boys did service on farms, and in a majority

of cases their employers reported entire satisfaction. Out of 720 Chicago high school boys who were sent out on out on farms in Illinois last summer, all but four made good. In most cases, farmers who used boys last year requested that they be furnished a boy again this year.

Although in many cases the boys of the Reserve are inexperienced in farm work, they are strong, healthy, intelligent, willing, and are inspired by the patriotic desire to render faithful service. By exercising a reasonable amount of patience and tact, farmers unquestionably can make the work of these boys both helpful and profitable. The boys may be taken on trial at a nominal wage until their value is shown. Terms may then be made which will fair both to the boy and the farmer.

Farmers wishing to secure the service of one or more boys for the summer should get in touch with their country agricultural agent and secure application cards. These cards should be filled out and returned to the county agent who will take steps at once to secure a boy for the applicant.

ALL IN THE NAME



Guest—By the way, what kind of a sandwich is this? I enjoy it, but I can't figure out what it is made of.
Hostess—That is what we call a magazine poem sandwich. You like it, but you don't understand it.

SUCH A SMART BROTHER

But It Is Entirely Probable Sister Did Not Appreciate His Peculiar Form of Wit.

A young lady in Lakewood is of the opinion that she is grown up—in which opinion she is not encouraged either by her parents or her older brother. She is fifteen, brother is sixteen. She thinks that young men should be allowed to call on her in the evening; brother jeers, parents shake their heads.

Finally the girl's mother consented to her having a certain approved boy call, provided he came on a Friday evening. And the excited damsel called the favored youth up on the phone and imparted the glad news. It is presumed that the young man (he was of eighteen years old) spent a good deal of time at his toilet that evening—certainly the young lady took great care of hers. She was still primping when the swain rang the doorbell. Brother answered.

"Ah," began the caller, clearing his throat. "Is Miss Jones at home?"

"Come in," answered Brother, equivocally. Then he went to the foot of the stairs and called—

"Molly! Quit cuttin' paper dolls an' come downstairs. One of your playmates wants to see you!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Irish Coaching Company.

In 1815, an Italian, named Bianconi, started the first coaching company in Ireland, running long cars over various regular routes. Long cars soon became the safest and most reliable means of traveling over Ireland, and Bianconi turned rich and prosperous. Writing in or about 1842, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who have written much of Ireland, tell us that "persons of the highest respectability" used the long cars for traveling. At this time, although these cars passed through 128 towns, they had not made their way into the north of Ireland. The cars varied considerably in size, requiring from one to four horses. The fare, even over the roughest roads in the West, was two pence farthing a mile. The Halls carefully explain that passengers were provided with "dry and comfortable horse hair cushions and aprons" and that, in wet weather, the long cars never jostled more than two stages without changing the cushions.

Try our "Want Ads."